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

All others contain alum or ammonia.

A BOMB FOR BURGLARS

A Brooklyn Householder's Novel Mode of Self Defense.

SCIENCE AGAINST BRUTE FORCE.

If You Have Burglars "In Your Midst," an Ammonia Bomb, Properly Propelled, Will Promptly Put Them to Flight With Vapors That No Robbers Can Abide.

A Brooklyn man has invented what he calls the "fin de siecle burglar cure." It is a cure not for burglars, but against them. It is further called "rough on burglars" and "Windolph's safety bombs," and as a suppressor of crime it is intended to supersede all societies and organizations now extant. To quote from the inventor, this cure consists of "ammonia gas concentrated in a solution of the highest obtainable degree, introduced into glass bulbs of convenient size and immediately closed by fusion. Being thus hermetically sealed, the bombs retain their powerful vapors unimpaired for years. They may be handled with perfect safety, but are thin enough to break by their own impact when thrown against any object." These bombs are about the size of a duck's egg and are shaped like the bulb of an incandescent light. Three ounces is the weight, the bulb being two-thirds full of concentrated ammonia. Such is the means by which Druggist Windolph proposes to scatter devastation, dismay and diffused vapors broadcast among the criminal classes.

"What are we to do when burglars are in our midst?" he asks in his circular. Under such circumstances people should chain down their vitals. Otherwise they might be stolen, remarks the facetious New York Sun. But the inventor has three ounces of fin de siecle burglar cure worth tons of chains.

"Protect your homes with the safety bombs," he advises. "Burglars are numerous. Then, if your home is invaded, don't get rattled. Keep cool, and when the intruder shows his face throw your bomb. Aim straight for his chin, and when the bomb breaks that settles the burglar."

This is the newly invented way of treating burglars who are in your midst. According to Mr. Windolph, he had burglars in his midst last August—that is, they were in his drug store. In the Brooklyn dialect, "midst" is used as a synonym for drug store under certain conditions. Two burglars came in over the fanlight one night. Mr. Windolph lay sleeping. He was awakened by the disturbance made by the burglars in climbing over the door. What was he to do? There was no club there, nor pistol or other weapon. He arose and walked cautiously out. Presently the idea of concentrated ammonia occurred to him. Groping his way to the bottle, he filled a graduating glass, crept out and threw the chemical straight in the face of the nearest burglar. The man went down as if a house had fallen on him. His companion departed from Mr. Windolph's midst in great haste, taking most of the glass of the front door with him. The other burglar was captured and subsequently sent to the Elmira reformatory. But the luminous idea of concentrated ammonia for use against the midnight marauder had taken firm hold in the brain of the druggist. He experimented and finally brought out his invention.

READY FOR THE SHOT.

The bomb as now perfected is put up in little tin boxes not unlike baking powder cans. There is a hole in the can, so that it can be hung on a nail or hook convenient to the bed. Behold, then, the prosperous Brooklynite sinking to peaceful slumber in his ammonia guarded bed. Nailed to the bedstead is the tin box in which the bomb rests like an egg in the nest. There is a noise outside. Slowly the door opens. An evil face peers into the room. It is the burglar. Little does he suspect that the little tin box on which the light from his bullseye lantern falls contains his doom. Maybe he thinks it's a matchbox or a fancy alarm clock. He moves forward. The floor creaks. Sleep leaves the eyes of the prosperous Brooklynite. He raises himself from his pillow. His hand goes to the tin box and grasps the little bulb. The burglar is puzzled at first, but soon concludes that this must be a new kind of burglar alarm. Before it can go off he will have the house owner by the throat. But the wakened man has lifted his arm. He throws the bomb with unerring aim at the burglar's chin as per instruction. It strikes. It bursts. There is a gasp, a gurgle, a gulp, and the burglar is writhing upon the floor. The chemically preserved householder rises from his bed, throws a sheet over the strangling criminal and sends for the police. Such is the programme laid out by the inventor. From his own writings on the subject is gleaned the fact of the peculiar potency of this agent. He says:

The peculiar powers of concentrated ammonia gas pre-eminently fit it for the use here designed. Its caustic action on the skin is of minor consideration, but the blinding and asphyxiating effects of the vapor are instantaneous and irresistible and are more quickly overpowering than a club or a pistol shot. The secret of this lies in the fact that this vapor cannot be breathed. When breathing is attempted, the glottis of the windpipe closes spasmodically, shutting off the supply of air from the lungs. With blinded eyes and every sensation of death by suffocation, it can easily be understood how the most hardened criminal will abandon his desperate designs and grope his way as best he can toward the open air.

From this it would appear that not only burglars but other malefactors can be overcome by the fin de siecle burglar cure. No matter how hardened the criminal may be, he can't stand this drug. It may be set down as a fact that even a man who had combined all the crimes of the decalogue wouldn't be able to endure this atmosphere. The glottis of his windpipe would close spasmodically. The supply of air would be shut off from his lungs, however tough they might be. He would rush for the open air.

Quality Against Quantity.

As regards woman suffrage, New York, with all its fashionable furore, is still in that stage of the agitation—passed years ago in Boston—where the "antis" seek to make an impression by claiming "quality as against quantity" of names in their petitions. To put forward this rather vulgar boast was soon found to be very indiscreet campaigning in New England and a powerful help to the other side.—Boston Transcript.

WANTED, NEW DRESSMAKERS.

Requisites of the Young Women Who Desire to Sew For a Living.

The woman whose dressmaker is a comfort to her is a blessed woman. She is one of the few. The average dressmaker is a source of tribulation to most of those who have their dresses made after the conventional pattern as truly as she is a trial to the woman who has become so cultivated that she prefers classic outlines for her own body. We do not mean that dressmakers are more unworthy than other workers. A conscientious, faithful journeyman in any trade is a rarity as we all know. But there are scores and hundreds of women in Chicago, not to speak of other localities, who have learned to despise a corset and the corseted outlines of fashion plates. These women need others to manufacture dresses that will be artistic.

The word "artistic" combines in its meaning utility, health, comfort and becomingness. A dress cannot be artistic that is not all of these and more. It must be suited also to the personality of the wearer, it must hide as much as possible her defects, it must enhance her good points as well as give her room to breathe with utmost freedom and to exercise every muscle with utmost grace.

Plainly such dressmakers as are needed must know anatomy and must be familiar with the finest sculpture up to the point of admiring and loving the contours of classic figures. As a matter of course they must dislike the pinched torso of the fashion plate. These prerequisites are already possessed by many intelligent women who need steady occupation and an increased income. If to this appreciation of human anatomy and love of art they add the old fashioned training of a good seamstress, they are at once ready to serve such patrons as can design their own dresses. The more familiar they are with good statuary and good pictures, the more conversant with the philosophy of art methods, the sooner will such women learn to design or to select such forms of gowns as shall be suitable to each patron.

Such a woman will dignify her occupation. Such a worker becomes an artist in texture if she can start with a natural liking for good color and correct form. If she becomes an artist—that is, one who loves art more than money—she has the joy of an artist, of one who cannot resist doing and loving to do the work that brings her her living. There are plenty of dressmakers already who are willing to learn any fad to increase their earnings. They will accept any new idea that may be grafted upon their already acquired skill. Out of a score of these not one has been found who revered the human body, not one who cared to know how it was fashioned, not one who cared to take the least pains to study. For women already educated on the lines of natural proportion and classic sculpture who can do good handwork, there are waiting the chances for a good living and an abundance of pleasure in the work of securing it.—Frances M. Steele in Boston Woman's Journal.

Traveling Companions.

American girls of intelligence, young ladies, are quick at this time to see the advantage that children's nurses will have in attending the Chicago fair. The mother of a young girl who is now preparing for Bryn Mawr college writes to say in connection with the Columbian exposition: "As our limited means compel us to be stay at homes, my daughter will give her services as caretaker of one or more children in return for her expenses paid, either in a visit to Chicago or to travel anywhere during the vacation." This seems a very desirable offer. Children who accompany their parents on summer journeys have often the disadvantage of being thrown with other children and their nurses, who bring different influences upon them less refined than those they receive at home. What an advantage, then, to have a young lady as nursery governess who will instinctively guard these children from undesirable associates, and who can, by her own personality, both instruct and amuse them, while looking after them well.—Household.

The Use of Face Creams.

Women are too stingy with their face creams. Did you ever see a stage beauty manage this kind of a bath? If you have not, you know literally nothing of the art. In the first place, an actress does not buy 25 cents' worth of cream and expect it to last a lifetime, but she gets her cerate by the quart. After bathing her face at night and drying the skin she puts in each palm a liberal quantity of cream and rubs not only her face, but neck as well. Remember that you must not neglect your throat when caring for your face. Here is where the telltale lines gather the fastest. Almost in a night an ugly ring, sometimes one and oftener two and three, appear to warn you of your carelessness. Baggy folds and wrinkles start just under the chin long before the first crow's foot is etched about your eyes. This is because you have not been doing anything for this part of your body.—Dorothy Maddox in Philadelphia Inquirer.

Side Dishes Not Fashionable.

Little individual side dishes have so long accompanied the usual dinner set, making 12 of its 144 more or less pieces, are no longer suitable for use in a really tasteful table service, either for fruit or vegetables.

Vegetables are to be cooked sufficiently dry, so that they can be placed upon the plate, and fruit—that is, berries—are dished up into larger saucer shaped dishes, varying somewhat in shape and size; or, still better, they are passed around the table, each person helping himself upon an ordinary dessert plate previously placed before him, eating them with either a fork or a dessert spoon, both of which have been placed at his disposal and for his choice, according to whether he prefers his berries with cream or without it. If berries are served with their hulls on, they are eaten from the fingers, each one dipped separately into sugar on the side of the plate.—New York Herald.

Hungarian Linguists.

Many Hungarians resident in New York are distinguished as linguists. The exigencies of life in their native land make an acquaintance with several languages necessary, and, like the Russians, they seem to have an aptitude for acquiring foreign tongues. Thus it often happens that an educated Hungarian knows, besides the several languages of his native land, Russian, English and French, with a smattering of the ancient classic languages.—New York Sun.

A PETITION.

My little grandson three years old
Sleeps by my bedside nightly,
Through the long hours of dark and cold,
Dreaming, he slumbers lightly.

He feels my love around him fold
And in its heart reposes,
Upon his hair a gleam of gold,
His cheeks like damask roses.

Oft through the chill and silent night
I stretch a hand caressing
To draw the blanket warm and light
About him with a blessing.

In sleep he feels that touch so sweet,
So lingering and tender,
Turns his dear face my palm to meet
With soft and glad surrender.

O God of pity and of love,
Have patience with our blindness;
Thy hand is stretched our heads above
Warm with thy watchful kindness.

Give us this baby's perfect faith!
Whatever ills assail us,
Help us to feel in life or death
That thou wilt never fail us.
—Celia Thaxter in Youth's Companion.

A MAN'S HONOR.

Wyndam leaned back in his chair, regarding the saltant flames of the grate fire with hostile eyes. He believed himself to be particularly calm—his heart was beating at its normal, placid pace, his mind was clear. He was unaware that his fingers were nervously tapping the arms of his chair, and that his view of the fire was gradually growing blurred and indistinct.

The library table was thickly strewn with papers, and Wyndam's brother leaned heavily against it, gnawing his discolored lips.

At length Wyndam broke the strained silence. He arose from his seat and placed his arm upon his brother's shoulder, saying: "Do you see the biting jest fortune played us in removing our father before he could destroy these pleasing documents? For I have no doubt he fully intended to destroy them."

The younger man impatiently chafed under his brother's words. He threw back his head as if to shake himself free from the thoughts which pursued him.

"I am not sorry he had not time to destroy them," he returned laboredly. "He tried to teach us to the full the meaning of honor—perhaps with the idea that we would be able to do what he was not strong enough to accomplish. It only remains with us to make restitution."

Wyndam looked at him in astonishment and cold admiration of his manner of receiving the blow.

"That is all that is left for us," he agreed slowly, "and we can accomplish it only by our death; otherwise the world would know of our dishonor. Fortunately Howard is the next in succession and will come into his own without need of disclosing to him our shame."

The younger man was unable to restrain the faint look of protest which momentarily flashed into his heavy eyes. Then the blank hopelessness again enveloped his features as he echoed, "Only our death can right the wrong."

He recognized that the case required that drastic measure. He wished no repeal from it, for every breath he now drew was poisoned. But the thought of death, which only an hour ago had seemed so far distant, came upon him with something of a shock.

"It will be well for us to make our exit as speedily as possible," Wyndam pursued. "There will be the usual wonderment at our hasty deed, but at least there will be no suspicion of the truth."

He commenced to separate the papers with his customary methodical precision, quickly bringing order out of the confusion which had reigned. He was hindered rather than helped by his brother's assistance. He deposited in the fire the confession which had laid bare before them unguessed infamy, and the two stood watching until the flames had mercifully devoured the last bit of paper which could have avowed their dishonor.

Then Wyndam said: "I am now going to my own apartments. It will probably take me an hour to arrange my own affairs. At the expiration of that time I shall end my life."

"I shall do likewise," declared the younger man, who had now regained the mastery of himself. His voice rang steady, but his face was like a death mask in its stiffened, unnatural repose.

There had never been any strong liking between them, but as Wyndam shook his brother's hand upon separating from him at the turn of the corridor he was stirred by a momentary thrill of pity. He knew his brother well enough to realize that life could now hold no possible charm for him, but it seemed sad that he should be forced to leave it while he was still possessed of the exaltations peculiar to youth.

Wyndam closed the door of his own den and set about the completion of his task. There was not one letter over which he lingered before committing it to the flames, yet many of them were from the one woman he had ever loved and to whom his marriage was imminent. He had always been able to keep his mind from the disagreeable, and he was determined that in this last act he would still maintain his admirable composure and not try himself needlessly.

He refused absolutely to allow his thoughts to dwell upon what was to happen within the hour, and he noticed with a subdued throb of self satisfaction his unfaltering nerve.

He debated with himself for some moments over the advisability of leaving a few last words to the woman who was to have been his wife, but ultimately dismissed the thought as savoring of the dramatic. In fact, he felt he could derive no consolation from writing to her, as he could frame no possible excuse for his impending action.

He walked composedly to the drawer which contained his revolver, but paused before the mirror to push back from his brow the hair which had become displaced. He also noticed that his cravat was somewhat awry and rearranged it.

He was unconsciously taking mental note of his condition. He had more than once before proved himself to be possessed of more than ordinary courage and had felt assured he would meet death when it came unflinchingly. Yet as he unhesitatingly leveled the weapon at his heart he congratulated himself upon his coolness.

As he was about to pull the trigger he heard indistinctly the muffled report of the pistol which had been fired in a room further down the corridor. The sound hastened him, and he at once pulled the trigger.

He fell into the chair beside him, his hand pressed to his heart, hoping that death would not be long delayed, for the pain he was suffering was intense. He could feel the warm blood trickling over his hand, dyeing the bosom of his shirt a vivid red.

His eyes fell upon his trembling hand, which still clutched the pistol. It was not smoking, and suddenly there echoed in Wyndam's ear the dull fall of the hammer. He realized that he was not shot; that the pistol had been unloaded.

The mirror, which he faced, unmercifully reflected him. The color had fled from his face; his eyes were fixed and distended; his lips were twitching. He gave some contemptuous commiseration to the abject figure, failing to realize immediately that it was himself.

The weapon dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he buried his face in his hands. He continued to sit in his huddled position for some time, then, after several fruitless attempts, got to his feet. He groped his way blindly to the cartridges, and when he at last had the box in his hand slowly retraced his steps to the pistol, which lay upon the floor. He lowered his hand for it, but he could not pick it up. He had lost control of his fingers. He drew himself erect and wiped away the cold perspiration which had broken out on his brow.

"Great God," he whispered, "what a coward I am!"

He carefully smoothed the anguish from his face, and once again bent for the revolver. This time he was able to convey it to the table. He endeavored to reload it, but could not.

"I shall rest for a time," he meditated, dragging himself to a chair. "It is true I told him I should end it all within the hour, but there is no pressing hurry, and my worst enemy would not wish to shorten these extra moments."

His eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, but finally rested upon a long envelope which lay upon his desk. It was directed to him in an unfamiliar hand. In one corner was the name and address of a prominent firm of lawyers. He had noticed it previously, but had not opened it. Now, wishing to divert his mind, he incuriously broke the seal.

It was a lengthy communication, but from his brief glance he gleaned that through the death of his mother's only brother he and his brother were joint heirs to an enormous fortune. He restored the letter to its envelope. The intelligence seemed an unnecessarily cruel taunt of fate. His riches or his poverty could not now concern him.

"And to think of it all reverting to Howard," he muttered. "He will not know how to use it; he will be more uncomfortable than pleased. He becomes heir to 10 times what should originally have been his through one man's perfidy, and because I am that man's son, and because it is a just law that the sins of the father shall be visited on the children I must suffer. There is but one consolation—no one knows, or ever can know, the depth of our father's baseness but ourselves."

It suddenly flashed upon him that the knowledge had now narrowed down to himself. He turned the envelope over caressingly, repeating softly, "No one on earth knows but myself."

He seemed to derive a certain satisfaction from the words.

"Were we right in so summarily deciding that only through our death could restitution be made?" he demanded. "Howard would be far more content if left with his books and a modest competency. The control of vast wealth would be nothing but a burden to him. Of course he could not be given what is rightfully his without creating suspicion, and that must be avoided, but we can"—

He went no further, for he was again confronted by his brother's death. He once more extended his hand to the revolver, and all his lately acquired repose vanished. His face hardened; a look of subtle cunning crept about his lips.

"Perhaps it is as well," he urged. "He would never have been at peace, for he had an exaggerated idea of honor. If I determine to live," he pursued, "I shall resolutely thrust from me the remembrance of what we discovered. There will be nobody, nothing, to remind me of it, and even to myself I shall appear as much a man of honor as before we happened upon these papers.

With dogged firmness he replaced the cartridges and revolver in their compartment. No sign of the conflict which had raged remained.

It had grown late, and he carefully dressed for dinner. Once or twice his thoughts hovered over the motionless form lying in his brother's room. It would be necessary for him to feign surprise when the servants found the body, but he impressed upon himself the fact that he must be cautious not to overact his role.

He had dressed without his valet's help, but as he was about to leave the room he heard him in the corridor. He advanced toward the door, smiling a little, as if pleased at having got along without the man's assistance.

He opened the door, then retreated a step, as did also the man on the threshold.

The two brothers, both carefully dressed, stood face to face.—Alice S. Wolf in Argonaut.

Permanent Clambake For London.

The next exhibition at Earl's court, where Buffalo Bill was wont to sport his Indians, will be a "world's water fair," arranged and to be managed by Captain Paul Boyton, the famous channel swimmer. There will be a lake over two acres in extent, which will contain three islands, and in a tunnel running under one little isthmus will be held a "clambake"—a contract having been made for a constant supply of clams from the United States.

On one of the islands will be erected a model of the famous Chateau d'If, and at every performance will be enacted the famous scene from the "Count of Monte Cristo," the impersonator of the count being an accomplished swimmer, who, after remaining under water as long as he can, will release himself from the sack in which he is enveloped and make his reappearance. Captain Boyton's company will consist of 150 performers, not to mention a boat's crew of trained monkeys. This ought to be an attractive show.—American Register.

Dead Timber at the Capital.

It has become plain to the employees of the government that it is the intention of members of the administration to give the various departments a thorough cleaning and to set the stump pullers and scythes to work as speedily as possible. Yesterday's conversation between a chief and his subordinate is an instance in point.

"Who is this Mrs. So-and-so? I see by the rolls that she has been drawing an annual salary of $1,800 for five years."

"She is not here much of the time."

"What does she do?"

"She dresses nicely."

"Why is she not discharged?"

"We would have a row on hand. She is the sister-in-law of Congressman Blank."

"Mark out her name. She would have to go if she were the sister-in-law of Andrew Jackson and Thomas Jefferson rolled into one. The people employed in this department will earn their money or be given a chance to earn it somewhere else."—Washington Letter.

A Vision of Heaven Before Death.

W. H. Gaines, an old colored local preacher of Cambridge, O., awoke his wife Tuesday night and told her he had a vision of heaven. The angels who gathered around him assured him he would enter paradise and be with them April 28, at 7 o'clock in the evening. In spite of his friends' ridicule the old man made his preparations accordingly. Though he insisted his time was at hand, there were no signs of coming dissolution until just before the scheduled time, when he quietly lay down and died.

If the smallpox epidemic reaches this country from Europe, we shall not expect it to spread extensively, for the laws respecting vaccination are intelligently carried out. Still, the large immigrant population will need looking after, and lodging houses will need rigid inspection.

A MIRACLE IN TEXAS

AN UNUSUAL STATEMENT FOR A REGULAR PHYSICIAN.

It Was Investigated by the Texas Christian Advocate, and is Vouched for by Dr. C. H. Stansbury.

Our representative has made a careful investigation of the H. E. Spaulding case at Longview which is here published for the first time, and which will be read with great interest by medical men everywhere. In reply to the *Christian Advocate's* questions Mr. Spaulding said: About eight years age while running a locomotive I contracted sciatic rheumatism in my left side from my hip down. It came on slow but sure, and in a few months I lost control entirely of that member; it was just the same as if it was paralyzed; I was totally unable to move out of my room for a year and a half, six months of which time I was bed-ridden. I tried every remedy suggested, and had regular physicians in constant attendance on me. I was bundled up and sent to Hot Springs, where I spent three months under the treatment of the most eminent specialists, all of which did me no good, and I came back from the springs in a worse condition than when I went. I came home, and laid flat on my back and suffered the most excruciating agonies, screaming in pain every time anybody walked across the room, the only ease I obtained being from the constant use of opiates. After three months of this kind of agony, during which time my entire left leg perished away to the very bone, my attention was called to a new remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by Mr. Allison, who is now train dispatcher at Texarkana, and who was relieved of locomotor ataxia of twenty years' duration. At his urgent and repeated solicitation I consented to give them a trial; after taking a few doses I began to improve. I continued taking the pills and kept right on improving until I was finally cured. My leg is just the same size now as the other one, and I am sure the Pink Pills not only cured me, but saved my life.

The reporter next visited Dr. C. H. Stansbury, a graduate of one of the medical schools of Kentucky, and a man who enjoys the confidence of everybody in Longview. He said: "I know that Mr. Spaulding had a terribly severe attack of sciatic rheumatism, of which I tried to cure him; used everything known to my profession in vain, and finally recommended him to go to Hot Springs. He came back from the springs worse than when he went, and I thought it was only a matter of time until his heart would be affected and he would die. I also know that his cure is the direct result of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"That is rather an unusual statement for a regular physician to make, doctor."

"I know it is, but a fact is a fact, and there are hundreds of people right here in Longview who know what I say is the truth. I also know Mr. Allison, and know that he was relieved of a genuine and severe case of locomotor ataxia of twenty years' standing."

The Cost of Giving "Art" Performances.

There are rumors that the New York Theater of Arts and Letters has been losing money heavily, the total expenditure up to date being figured out as amounting to some $25,000. Of course no one could have expected that the recent "tour" to Boston and elsewhere would be a success, because the number of those who want to see dull plays, even for art's sake, is limited. But $45,000 is an enormous amount to lose, especially in the case of a company where the expenses could not have been very heavy, and there are still debts, it is said, some of the actors not having even yet received the salaries due them.—New York Cor. Providence Journal.

Spiritualistic Seances Are "Shows."

Judge Thomas of the District of Columbia supreme court has delivered an opinion to the effect that spiritualistic seances must be placed in the category of theatrical shows and entertainments, and that therefore they are subject to the imposition of a license tax. The ground for this opinion is said to be the fact that a small fee is charged at the door of the halls where these spiritualistic seances are held, the assumption being that the gatherings are for money making purposes.—Chicago Herald.

Wherein She Differs From Most Women.

Mme. Duse was greatly affected by the sight of Niagara falls. It is related that she stood watching the cataract for an hour without speaking. That is the effect also that the American reporter has had on her. Mme. Duse can gaze at the wonderful productions of nature without speaking for a longer time than any other woman in the profession.—New

The Women Know Best.

Much comment has been caused by the official reports of the United States and Canadian governments, in which are presented the evidences of the superior strength, purity and wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

It is true that the good housewife looks upon commendations of the Royal Baking Powder from scientists and official sources such as these very much like "the gilding of refined gold." Her practical experience long since taught her in the most convincing way the great usefulness and superiority of the Royal article. A higher proof than this she does not want and cannot have. Yet it is pleasant for her to realize that the facts established by these great competitive tests, these scientific examinations made under direction of the government, exactly parallel those she had before worked out in her own common-sense, practical way.

It does not appear that any baking powder, when presented in competition with the Royal, either at the government tests or before World's Fair juries, has ever received favor or award over the Royal or made an equal showing in purity, strength or wholesomeness.

Chicago's Motley Crowds.

Sixteen races, with features built on all the lines of facial architecture, rode side by side in a World's fair smoker last evening. The collection was so speckled and mottled in disposition and color that a census was taken. There were two gibbering Zulus, who had come with African diamond dust; three sad Turks, with fezzes and scimiters; a group of Chinese actors; a pensive Spaniard, with sombrero; a begoggled Englishman, who divided a strap with an Arab; a brace of Frenchmen, all angles and points; a high browed and long whiskered Russian, a bronzed Greek, a Kansas farmer; just over Germans, who crowded a mild mannered man from Ceylon; a handsome Viennese; two Egyptians, with bare legs; four Venetian gondoliers in citizen's clothes, and a Norwegian commissioner.—Chicago Herald.

The Biggest Fresh Water Cargo.

The new steamer Selwyn Eddy, the largest freight carrier in the world floating on fresh water, was loaded recently for her initial trip. She carries the largest cargo of wheat ever shipped on the lakes. A close estimate places her exact capacity at 150,000 bushels or about 35,000 bushels more than the largest cargo ever carried on the lakes.

An ordinary freight car carries about 500 bushels of wheat, and the Selwyn Eddy's cargo is equal to 300 carloads. A train containing 300 cars would be about two miles long. Twelve engines would be required to draw such a train. The cargo of the Eddy, if ground into flour and made into bread, would feed 30,000 people for one year.

QUAINT BUT FULL OF MEANING.

"A crick"—"a stitch"—"a twist"—"a jam"—"a halt"—"a raw spot"—"a blue spot"—"dead aches," etc., are queer names well-known among the ills of flesh, bone, muscle, nerves and joints, and are better understood as being so easily and surely cured by St. Jacobs Oil. The names are pointers to what it has done and always will do readily. None too readily either, for many of the infirmities indicated by these queer nomenclatures, if neglected, often lead to very serious results, which the great remedy for pain stands ready to resist and prevent. None the less useful is it to have on hand always ready, for the sudden pain is very often the fatal one.

A Chicago View of the Naval Display.

New York has celebrated. In a drizzling rain, under soggy awnings, with flags clinging dismally to their staffs and with the red on cheap printed cotton running in gory stripes across wide expanses of dirty white into fields of grimy blue many thousand inhabitants of New York have stood for a day on stinking wharves to view the maneuvers of a few ships of war and a few excursion boats monopolized by millionaires and exclusive society people.

The vessels thus under survey by the assembled toads of New York were from one to two miles from shore, which is about as near as the mob in New York ever gets to any scene of importance, whether it be a wedding or a naval review.

They were such vessels as may be seen at almost any time in almost any port in the world. Most of them have been seen in New York harbor before now, but on this occasion New York, big with expectation and self consciousness, imagined that it was celebrating; that in some manner it was putting an extinguisher upon Chicago; that in a few dreary hours of rain and fog and powder smoke along the slimy docks of the North river the majestic festivities of the entire Columbian year were to have their beginning and their ending, and that when New York's celebration had closed nothing would remain deserving the attention of mankind. Probably the world never saw and never again will see so colossal and yet so pitiful an exhibition of impudence, ignorance and folly.—Chicago Herald.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1895 will be signalized by the appearance of a fre h Almanac of the Bitters, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in the brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humor and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are consumed in its preparation. It can be obtained without cost, of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

Jages—Weren't you surprised at the way things turned out? Bangs—No; No; I expected that the unexpected would happen.

COLORADO

Is a splendid place for people with weak lungs, but thousands of people in that condition cannot possibly go to Colorado. There is not one, however, who cannot keep a supply of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. The moment any one feels that he has taken cold, one of these world-renowned PLASTERS should be put on the back between the shoulder blades, and another on the chest.

These will serve two purposes. They will protect the delicate lungs, and will also relieve the congestion occasioned by the cold.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS keep the pores of the skin open and assist nature in her remedial work. They neither burn nor blister, and can be worn without the slightest inconvenience.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cleanse the system.

"Why does Madge always wear a yellow chrysanthemum?" "It reminds her of her best young man. You see, he's a blonde and plays football."

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity, with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

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Came on my wife's ankle. Surgeons scraped the flesh off and they healed, but broke out again worse than before. I then gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla and bandaged her foot in steeped leaves and roots. After taking 11 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla the sores were all healed and she was perfectly well.—JOSEPH E. FREEBY, Long Beach, California.

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CATARRH

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