

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TYLER'S FRUIT PALACE.

It Is Just Now One of the Lone Star State's Great Attractions.

The great Texas fruit palace which is now being inspected by thousands of visitors to Tyler is a building well worth the attention of a tourist in the Lone Star State. The interior walls and columns are covered with green moss and paneled with German millet and stalks of sugar cane. The corners are bracketed with sheaves of wheat, and the great arches are festooned with the various products of the fields of Texas. During the past few years Tyler has become the center of a great fruit growing district, and the main feature of the exposition is an exhibit of fruits and flowers. It is said that the fruits and vegetables grown in the vicinity of Tyler are not even surpassed by those raised in the wonderful valleys of California.

Outside the palace the talent of the landscape gardener has transformed a virgin forest of gigantic oaks into a park



FRUIT PALACE, TYLER, TEX.

that is adorned with flowers, electric fountains and rustic bridges, and an artificial lake of great beauty is also one of its attractions. What is said to be the finest bicycle track in the state has been constructed around the entire grounds of the exposition, and cycle races are of daily occurrence. The Dixie grounds of Little Rock, a company composed exclusively of pretty women, give exhibitions each day of a military character, and there are numerous other ingenious amusement schemes to attract and entertain visitors.

Tyler is the county seat of Smith county, is located in the northeastern part of the great state and is a railroad center of considerable importance. In 1890 the population was nearly 7,000, but Tyler has grown rapidly since then and is one of the flourishing cities of the Lone Star State.

Didn't Understand Twins.

A festival in the family drew home-ward the scattered kindred. The boys, twins, had been long parted, and meanwhile one had married and in his 'wid-owhood' reared his little son, now 7 years old. To him, by name Bobby, newly arrived in the house, enters the uncle whom he had never seen, so perfect a corroboration of his father that Bobby runs to him at once, clings to him and hugs his knees. A moment later, when his father really came and the laughing company were on the brink of comment and explanation, the poor little man, giving him one mortally shocked glance, fell to the floor, sobbing. "Don't want—two—papas!"

The resident puppy, familiar with the bachelor brother, almost as disturbing an experience. He stared and stared at Bobby's father, upon their introduction, sniffed at his garments, wavered and stared again. Then he leaped upon his own friend and next upon the image and echo of him bewildered, and finally backed into the corner, after making a brave stand against the supernatural, his insatiable eye upon both men, barking and growling and indulging generally in the doggerel for thunder.—Chap Book.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

In all governments there must of necessity be both the law and the sword.—Colton.

Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon.

A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone.

When will love die? Not till the stars die; not till the heavens fall; love will outlast them all.—Anon.

Rather do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing.—Quarles.

A surface judgment is a daring one indeed if it presumes to be other than a pleasant one.—Miss Mulock.

It is only the finite that has wronged and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

Neatness and Health.

Cleanliness is the safeguard of health. People who are not clean catch all manner of unpleasant things. The history of plagues is the history of unsanitary conditions. When the cholera waves hit, the hideous claws, the authorities begin at once to clean up the foul neighborhood. Mortality is frail, but its preservation is neatness.—New York World.

The Way They Talk.

Bing—How do parrots talk?
Bang—In polysyllables, of course.—San Francisco Post.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of the day, 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.

If people would pay more attention to prop-erly regulating the action of their bowels, by the use of these little "Pellets" they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous disease. The "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and kindred de-

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

If you'd be happy all the day,
Never have wrinkles, never grow gray,
Feel like your work was nothing but play,
Be sure that comfort had come to stay,
Just let the women have their way,
Just let the women have their way.
—Detroit Free Press.

CATCHING A TARTAR

A sunny morning in June. The platform crowded—cheap trippers for South-sea, heavy swells and swelles for the links at Hayling island, with bags of golf sticks. The yachting man, strongly in evidence, sunburnt and puffing a cigarette vigorously. If he is a new hand—a Dickey Sam—he wears a cloth peaked cap with the club burgee, a well cut coat of serge or pilot cloth bristling with bronze buttons, loose flannel continuations and white shoes. No man was ever so much a seadog as the yachting tripe looks.

The older sailing men, those to the manner born—"swagger squadrons," who can fly the white ensign, are dressed in long, lean, frock coats, loose trousers turned up, pointed boots, immaculate collars and glossy hats—the aim of the man who has lived is to look as much like a stockbroker as possible. Of course, down at the Castle or on Ryde pier they will blossom into a seasonable crop of buttons and burgees and display remarkable activity in dodging that tyrant of the deep—the sailing master—if the water looks a bit choppy.

Two people attracted a lot of attention for their palpable efforts at concealment. He, although the day was so hot, was enveloped in a long cloak, with a collar reaching past his ears, and his cotton white hair and mustache showed up occasionally in strong contrast to the deep brown of his face as he turned to watch the porters attacking a huge mound of his belongings.

Each box and bag was blazoned with an imperial coronet over a monogram, and under promises of profound secrecy "that was Prince Paul Demtoff, the owner of the new 100 rater now lying off Southampton."

She, the lady, was tall and gracefully girlish. A neat, navy blue serge Redfern frock; a sunburnt straw hat, with a dark blue ribbon; tiny tanned boots; a white shirt, with a turndown collar, and flowing tie completed her costume, saving a thick gossamer veil that completely hid her face, and but for the whiteness and purity of her neck it would have seemed she suffered from some facial disfigurement. It was evidently a desire not to be recognized that led to the adoption of the yashmak.

She was evidently expecting or avoiding some friends. Her head moved with a birdlike quickness as she scanned each new arrival on the platform, and her slender hand, white and jewelled, twitched nervously round the handle of the morocco monogrammed case she carried. Catching her eye from a distance, he walked toward her with the easy, firm self assurance that women like. She saw he was coming to her and waited calmly—perhaps she breathed more freely.

He raised his soft hat, and with a courtly bow said in perfect English, with the mercenary of an accent: "Pardon me, you are distressed. Have you missed your maid? Can I be of any service to you?"

Now his hat was off he appeared a prematurely white haired man of 45 or 50, with a firm face and voice—a man evidently used to command.

"Thank you very much," came in a soft sibilant voice from beneath the thick gossamer. "I have not only lost my maid, but my portmanteau. I am afraid it is under that pile of luggage, and"—with a little shrug—"I am afraid that pile of luggage is yours."

"That is mine, madame. I will get your bag at once. May I ask where you are going? To Southampton, and it is of the highest importance you should not miss this train? Pardon, do not trouble. I will see that all is arranged."

A few words to the guard, a rapid passage of baggage, and the missing bag was placed carefully on the rack of the first class carriage by which the veiled lady was standing. With the coolness that seemed part of his nature, the Russian indicated to a porter a small hamper and had it placed in the same compartment. There must have been some collusion and a lavish tip, for, though the train was crowded, the guard, after the imperceptible manner of his kind, kept that carriage empty until the train started, and they found themselves alone, securely locked in.

A sudden start ran through her slender frame. She paused and asked quickly, "Do you know when the next train leaves Waterloo for Southampton?"

She was desolated. Of course she missed her maid, but he was afraid not for some hours.

"Madame is glad? Madame is afraid of being followed?"

"Yes, madame is glad. She does not wish to be taken back and forced into a hateful marriage," blushing prettily.

The old, old story—stern father, elderly lover, titled, rich, but horrid. No mother, no sister, no brother. She was flying from bondage to her aunt, Lady Azoregore, in Guernsey.

Yes, she was Lady Constance Azoregore. Had he really met her at the Duchess of Arlington's dance? She thought she knew his face. That was why she trusted him so implicitly on the platform, of course. But if she was veiled, why was he so shrouded in a big cloak? "Come, now," anxiously, "a lady? An elopement?"

No, no, and again no! Nothing so joyous. He was Prince Paul Demtoff and had fallen between two stools—had incurred the enmity of the imperial court through coquetting with the nihilists. That meant the Alexievitch Ball, or the fortress of Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg, and, on the other hand, finding the "party of progress" going too far, he was threatened with death for deserting the red flag.

"You must pardon me, prince, but we seem in trouble together," and she laughed merrily. "Do you know I half thought you were a detective?"

By this time he had returned to his hamper and produced deftly a table cloth, plates, knives, forks and serviettes, a small bottle of Chateau Mouton Rothschild and a dainty cold chicken. Their mutual confessions had lessened embarrassment, and the lady, after making a little more, said that she was hungry and so glad to eat, etc.

They chatted and laughed as the train sped through the beautiful country, and, by the time Southampton was thought

Polar Ballooning.

One cannot but hope that some one of the expeditions sent out to explore the Arctic will reach the North Pole, make endless photographs of it, and secure volumes of detail about its magnetic currents and topographical peculiarities, and set at rest the fever that has raged among the adventurous for explorations in regions which have proved only fatal to humanity. It seems as if the new expedition were simply courting death in a new way, for it is very doubtful whether, since the idea of a north-west passage from Europe to Asia was abandoned, the actual discovery of the Pole would add enough to our knowledge to do more than satisfy general curiosity. The position of the Pole is a geographical certainty, and it is doubtless bleak and forbidding beyond description, yet men are insatiable in their efforts to attain the possible, and will doubtless persevere until a means has been found of reaching it. Mr. Andree, the Swedish engineer, is about to seek the North Pole by balloon, and his project is seconded by men noted in the scientific world. The balloon is to be built in Paris at a cost of \$10,000, and will be so constructed as to be capable of being filled with gas at any point in the Polar regions whither gas in cylinders will have been transported. The aeronaut expects to cruise from a central point over the entire Polar basin, to explore it and secure such full details concerning its peculiarities and the curiosity of meteorologists and explorers and learned scientific bodies in general shall be completely satisfied. How many lives will have to be sacrificed in this new way cannot be foretold, but ballooning in other latitudes is extra hazardous. In the Polar regions it seems foolhardy.—Current Literature.

Angling for Human Fish.

A novelty in the way of sport, says an article quoted in Current Literature, was inaugurated the other day at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, when a series of curious angling contests was begun in the swimming annex. Fishermen of reputation demonstrated their skill with cord and line in attempts to bring to land human fish, who, having been duly hooked, cleverly imitated salmon in their efforts to regain freedom. The result was always entertaining, and frequently very exciting, especially when the angler and the "fish" were fairly matched. In the first competition, although Mr. Hardy, of Aintree, with a seven-ounce trout rod and line, essayed three times to overcome a live, strong swimmer of 196 pounds weight, the latter on one occasion succeeded in breaking the line. Miss Burnett, whose weight is 154 pounds, proved an excellent fish; and Mr. Slater, of Newark, who angled in the Nottingham style, with a green-heart rod and a spinning un-dressed line, had not succeeded in landing her when time was called after five minutes' hard fighting. Another lady, Miss Sylvia, of slighter build, however, gave in to the angling of Mr. Ogden, of Cheltenham, in eight minutes.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Make great endings sometimes. Almonds that are set to consider trivial often grow through neglect, into atrocious maids, dangerous to themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, which are always destined to multiply the system as to exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most severely popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
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Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Rem member

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Hood's Pills

cure habitual constipation. Price, 25c.

Ely's Cream Balm

WILL CURE CATARRH

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY'S BALM, 23 Warren St., N. Y.

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and aches of an annoying nature, a torturous nature, a dangerous nature, can be quickly and surely cured with Pain-Killer. As no one is proof against pain, no one should be without Pain-Killer. This good old remedy kept at hand, will save much suffering and many calls on the doctor. For all summer complaints of grown folks or children it has stood without an equal for over half a century. No time like the present to get a bottle of

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THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable for the cure of Malaria, and Druggists for Chichester's English Dispensary, 211 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Ladies, use Druggists for Chichester's English Dispensary, 211 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Ladies, use Druggists for Chichester's English Dispensary, 211 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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A MILD PHYSIC.
ONE PILL FOR A DOSE. A movement of the bowels, such as is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to the bowels, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. They neither grip nor sicken. To convince you, send for the Full Book by mail. Sold everywhere.—TOSAN-KO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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