

Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

"Our Baby."

She was a tiny little girl, with dirty, sun-tanned hair, a blue calico dress and bare feet. She carried in her arms a baby half as large as herself, and the baby was so heavy that it sagged down in the mid-day, giving the infant the appearance of being held by the feet and nape of the neck. There was some excitement around the corner of the next block on Wash street, and the children were hurrying for ward like mad from all directions. The little girl tried to run, but the baby was too heavy, and her breath gave out. Said I, in a spirit of badinage:

"Drop the baby, sir, and go see what the trouble is."

She stopped and stared at me.

"I say, put the baby down on the side walk and run."

"You must take me for a fool, mister."

"Why?"

"Cos this is our baby."

"Well, suppose it is. I'll stay here and watch it for you."

"No, you won't, mister. You might carry it off."

MY CROWN.

"Let no man take my crown!" Oh, can it be These gracious, royal words were said for me! My crown! And was I born a crown to wear? Where is my kingdom, Lord, oh, tell me, where?

Stand forth, O mortal, and receive thy right! Hath he not said it—*the king of might?*

Joint him then with him, the prince who wins!

The reign that hath no end s'en here begins.

But not alone in Heaven reignant thou'll be. On earth a radiant croon awaiteth thee.

Was made for thine own use, for thine alone. Then see that no man'se shall fitsthe diethere.

Whatever talents thou canst claim as thine, What illumined truth thy soul doth shine. This is thy crown, and this thine empire truly.

Joint them then with him, the prince who wins!

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"HE WAS IN IT."

Judge Monroe So Decided in Favor of Kelly Kelly vs. Fenlow.

John J. Kelly vs. People's Bank et al. Plaintiff began this suit by seizing a lottery ticket, one-twentieth of a whole ticket, which had won \$10,000 and had been forwarded to the People's Bank for collection, and in which he claimed one-twelfth interest as owner. By reason the ticket was cashed and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested one-quarter, which was also claimed by John W. Fenlow, under control of the court.

The parties live in St. Louis, and have been quite unfortunate. In 1891 Fenlow, Kelly, Norton, O'Keefe and Connors formed a quasi club, and of three or four occasions purchased the fractions of lottery tickets, said fractions costing \$1 each, and each member contributing his proportion of the price was equally interested in the winnings. Fenlow generally was charged with purchasing the tickets, and held them for account of Kelly & Co., or whether it was not his own account.

The day after the drawing Kelly tendered his docket, and was told that he was "too late" and that he was "not in it."

The court concludes that Fenlow had an undivided interest in the ticket would be paid lot. It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be judgement in favor of John J. Kelly and against John W. Fenlow, and that he be liable to have been the owner of an undivided one-fourth interest in the lottery ticket, and that plaintiff recover costs and collect \$10,000 representing his share of the lottery, whether Fenlow had an account of Kelly & Co., or whether it was not his own account.

"If a man could go over Niagara falls and retain consciousness he would know how I felt. I talked to Little Doty as kindly as I could and tried to give her an idea or two, but it was no use. She was heartbroken—there it stopped.

"Finally, while I was telegraphing all over the country to try to rouse up another star, I pressed her again about the topical song, and she whimpered out that she liked parrots and had always just loved babies, and she didn't like mummies, and that was all there was to it.

"I seemed to get hold of an idea, however, but for the life of me I couldn't tell what it was."

"There was, say, ten days before rehearsal needs begin. In those ten days—don't laugh, for I was serious—I made good love to that girl as I knew how. There was no reason I shouldn't, except age; and there was good reason I should, when you looked at her. I will merely say that I'm younger than some other old bachelors, and that at the end of ten days she was ready to marry me.

"Now," said I, "my dear, I want you to think of this play just once more. If you can love me you can love a mummy. I guess."

"John," she said, "you must be crazy."

"My love," said I, "I mean it. You are going on the stage this afternoon for rehearsal, you are to make up your mind that that mummy is me, and you are to act to it. And if you don't, I vow I won't marry you."

"It was an awful risk, but I took it. She gave me one look, turned on her heel and walked off. I held on to my courage like grim death till rehearsal came. When Johnson was last seen, he was flourishing and had a large cocoanut grove around his cottage.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

"Talk about business enterprise," said Frank L. Perley, a circus man. "Away back in 1885 we had a young fellow with us who was getting \$15 and his board. While it was a great many years ago, he proved it to be a good investment."

"The tickets had been selected by Nathaniel. There was no further information given, but it was not until after the drawing on Tuesday, April 12, when it was learned that one of the four tickets had won \$10,000. The tickets had been paid for by Fenlow, and the amount was not known, but whether Fenlow had an account of Kelly & Co., or whether it was not his own account.

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A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be purchased, two brothers of it, WHAT'S THE NAME, were buying some oil, when a train came along, which severely disgraced their MANAGER.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Before exceeding far, I was helped into my seat, and was much relieved, for most generously with arms and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

Circus, O., recently while in the act of performing, when my car, stamping upon a nail, was thrown out, and I was thrown into the air, with a severe sprain, which was extremely painful.

THE PAIN STOPS.

When we least expect, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

Saint Jacobs OIL TRY OIL IT

POINT

How to Come to a Stop.

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The Pain Stops.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good.

Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

S. L. N. U. No. 802-S. F. N. U. No. 879

A PARADOX OF ACTING.

EXPERIENCES OF A RESOURCEFUL MANAGER WITH A PLAY.

LOOKING for a Star Who Would Be Willing to Make Love to a Mummy—Marrying an Actress to Secure Her Services. Mummy Replaced by Dummy.

"The paradox of acting!" said the manager, thoughtfully. "I should say I'd seen something of what you'd call the paradox of acting. Yes, I should say I had. If it's come under it a hundred times, and in one case—look here, when did you last see 'A Dead Mash'?"

"Why, 'A Dead Mash' has been the greatest success I ever handled, and I'm only taking it off the road this year because—See here, perhaps the name of Miss Doty Devoe, the leading lady, has never been brought to your attention? If you've heard of Miss Devoe you have heard of her as charming soubrette, vivacious, piquant and original, in fact the most talented actress now on the farce-comedy boards. Exactly.

"About a year before 'A Dead Mash' was in rehearsal, the play was in my hands waiting for a star. There was nobody I knew I cared about giving it to. You recalled the time. A young girl falls in love with a mummy in the museum and comes to life. Now, the responsibility of finding the right woman for it lay with me.

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