

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Kind of a Bird He Was.

Eight little negro boys got on a Niagara street car. They had been out to St. Mary's to rehearse something or other (they were choir boys), and they were then on their way to St. Paul's. The women in the car talked to them and asked them all sorts of questions. They all talked willingly, except one little fellow, who was as black as coal, and who seemed to be the butt of the other seven.

"So you all sing?" asked one of the women.

"Yeap," answered three of the boys at the same time.

"Then you are regular little blackbirds."

"Oh, no, ma'am. Blackbirds don't do nothing but chirp. I'm a canary."

"An'm a meekin' bird," said another, and each boy told what kind of a bird he was, until the eighth one, the butt before mentioned, was the only one who had said nothing.

"And what kind of a bird are you, my little fellow?" asked the woman.

"Deed, ma'am," he answered, "I speck I'm a be a chicken. I gets it in the neck so often."—Huffalo Express.

Served Good and Man.

The late Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Melanesia was well known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self defense. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section in New Zealand, owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough in one of the back streets of Auckland if he was the bishop who backed up the Maoris. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "Take that, then," struck his lordship in the face.

"My friend," said the bishop, "my little fellow tells me that if a man smites the cheek first turn to the other, and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered and wondering what was coming next, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man, and taking off his coat and belt he gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.—Homes Journal.

AN ELOQUENT PLEA.

And the Lawyer Who Made It Repeated His Reward.

A good story about a lawyer is going the rounds. The occurrence took place so long ago that it is not within the recollection of any but the older disciples of Blackstone, so it will pass muster even though it is a chestnut.

It seems that a tramp was indicted for stealing a watch. He was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Having no counsel and being without funds and a total stranger, the court assigned his defense to the attorney in question. The tramp was as guileful as a man ever was, but as the attorney was young in practice and desiring of getting off some of his wire edges against the district attorney he accepted the task and entered upon his discharge with all the zeal of a hired hand. He had absolutely no defense. His client practically admitted the theft and sat through the trial in an attitude of dejection and despair.

Nothing daunted, the young attorney rose before the jury to sum up his case. Providence had endowed him with a tongue capable of almost anything. He had his address at his tongue's end, and the manner in which he recited it off established his name in the community in characters as ineffaceable as the rock ribs on old Gibraltar.

He held the "12 men, trial and true," spell-bound. They gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder. Alternately they laughed and cried, and people in the audience followed their example. He pleaded the hopeless cause of the guilty tramp with all the eloquence of a Burke, and when he had finished the enthusiasm of the spectators seemed to know no bounds. It is said that it took the jury just eight minutes to white wash the tramp and provide him with wings and a halo. The verdict was for acquittal.

The tramp so thoroughly surprised and overcame with emotion that he could hardly speak—rose from his seat, the tears streaming down his cheeks. There was stillness in the courtroom. "Mister lawyer," he exclaimed brokenly, "you don't know me—and I don't know you. I—I want to thank you. I—I ain't got no money, but—but here's that watch."—Utica Observer.

With the Dear Girls.

Maud—We must confess that Mabel is a very pretty girl.

Maund—And her nose is just a little too retrousse.

Glady—Of course it is. Don't you think her hair's kind of streaky?

Maund—A little. But I object more to her mouth. It's a bit too ugly.

Glady—Like her eyes.

Maund—And her ears are such a funny color.

Glady—Green mixed with amber—I know.

Maund—It's a pity she dresses like a fright.

Glady—Yes. It makes her look so dowdy.

Maund (with a sigh)—But she's a very pretty girl.

Glady—Yes, a very pretty girl.—Chicago Record.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE

The rapidity of motion which kept them both with heads bent forward, and seemed to force back any utterance that rose to their lips, spared Rose the obligation of conversation, and her companion was equally reticent. But it was evident to her that he half suspected she was running away from the Randolphs, and that she wished to avoid the embarrassment of being overtaken even in persuasive pursuit. It was not possible that he knew the cause of her flight, and yet she could not account for his evident desire to befriend her, nor above all for his apparently humorous enjoyment of the situation.

Had he taken it gravely she might have been tempted to partly confide in him and ask his advice. Was she doing right, after all? Ought she not to have stayed long enough to speak her mind to Mrs. Randolph and demand to be sent home? No! She had not only shrank from repeating the infamous slur she had overheard, but she had a terrible fear that if she had done so Mrs. Randolph was capable of denying it, or even charging her with being still under the influence of the earthquake shock and of walking in her sleep. No! She could not trust her—she could trust no one there. Had not even the major listened to those infamous lies? Had she not seen that he was helpless in the hands of this cabal in his own household—a cabal that she herself had thoughtlessly joined against him?

They had reached the first slight ascent. Her companion drew out his watch, looked at it with satisfaction and changed the position of his hands on the reins. Without being able to detect the difference she felt they were slackening speed. She turned inquiringly toward him. He nodded his head with a half smile and a gesture to her to look ahead. The spires of San Jose were already faintly uplifting from the distant fringe of oaks.

So soon! In half an hour she would be there, and then! She remembered rudely she had not yet determined what to do. Should she go on at once to San Francisco, or telegraph to her father and await him at San Jose. In either case a new fear of the precipitancy of her action and the inadequacy of her reasons had sprung up in her mind. Would her father understand her? Would he understand the cause and be mortified at the innert she had given the family of his old friend, or more dreadful still, would he exaggerate her wrongs and seek a personal quarrel with the major. He was a man of quick temper and had the western ideas of rectitude. Perhaps even now she was precipitating a duel between them! Her cheeks grew warm again, her breath came quickly, tears gathered in her eyes. Oh, she was a dreadful girl, she knew it! She was an utterly miserable one, and she knew that too!

The reins were tightened, the pace lessened and at last fell to a walk. Conscious of her telltale eyes and troubled face she dared not turn to her companion to ask him why, but glanced across the fields.

"When you first came I didn't get to know your name, Miss Mallory, but I reckon I know your father."

Her father! What made him say that? She could not. In another moment, if he went on, she must do something—she would cry!

"I reckon you'll be wanting to go to the hotel first anyway."

There! she knew it! He would keep on! And now she had burst into tears. The mare was still walking slowly; the man was lazily bending over the shafts as if nothing had occurred. Then suddenly, illogically, and without a moment's warning, the pride that had sustained her crumbled, and became as the dust in the road. She burst out and told him—told everything. How she had felt, how she had been deceived, and what she had overheard.

"I thought as much," said his companion quietly, "and that's why I sent for your father."

"You sent for my father? Where?"

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

A TRUE AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE FROM CASPAR.

California—The Remarkable Experience of a Railroad Man—How He Was Saved.

From the San Francisco Chronicle:—
Away up on the California coast, 140 miles north of San Francisco, in the beautiful little seaside town of Caspar, lives a man upon whom a modern miracle has been wrought. The man is Charles L. Hubbard, well known all over the coast for his faithfulness and integrity. His word in a town along California's coast is as good as a bond, according to what leading citizens say. Mr. Hubbard has worked for the Mendocino Lumber Company for the last thirteen years. He is working for the company now as a locomotive engineer, and a more conscientious and industrious man in a more trying and exhaustive occupation could hardly be found.

Mr. Hubbard was found, after diligent questioning, in the cab of his locomotive. His hands and face were covered with engine grease, his perspiration, broken by his hard labor, was his hair, blue eyes were those of a happy, honest man. The Chronicle man climbed into the cab and said: "Mr. Hubbard, I've come all the way from San Francisco to hear the story of your suffering and how you were cured."

"Well, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Hubbard. "I've half been expecting to see some newspaper man from there about it, for my case has attracted widespread attention. I've had rheumatism—that's what my trouble has been—for years. I get it in my neck, in my cold wind and fog from the ocean blow in here."

"But, to begin at the beginning, I must tell you that I have been working here for this company for thirteen years. I have had rheumatism all the time, and I think I first contracted it at the Chickadee mine. I have worked here and in San Francisco for treatment, and bought a lot of electric belts, got the most powerful I could find, but they did no good. Well, sir, my wife's sister in St. John, New Brunswick, sent us a lot of letters from time to time, and nearly all of them had remarkable stories of cures by a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Finally my wife got me to try some of the pills. I got some, and there was such an improvement in me after taking two or three boxes that now I work just as hard as I get to get along without them in the house. My wife, too, has had much nervous trouble, and she began to take the pills with wonderful effect. They gave her the best thing in the world for her, and my wife thinks there is nothing like them for nervous trouble. Our faith in them is so great that we recommend them to every one. People laughed at me at first and I laughed myself, but they turned out to be the thing, and I wouldn't take lots of money for the good they have done me. As for the neighbors, I have purchased \$15 worth of the pills for them, and they are doing them good for all sorts of ailments. I can give the pills the strongest recommendation, as I tried everything before without any good effect, and these have done wonders for me."

Mr. Hubbard, the wife of the engineer, was found in her pretty little home, which is fairly embowered in flowers. She was most cordial, and corroborated all her husband had said.

The neighbors and fellow-workmen of Mr. Hubbard were most warm in their praise of the engineer and his wife, and confirmed the story of the improvement in his health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

CHAPTER VI.
It was nearly noon when Mr. Dawson finished rubbing down his sweating mare in the little stable among the wheat. He had left Rose at the hotel, for they found that Mr. Mallory had previously started by a circuitous route for the wheat ranch. He had resumed not only his working clothes but his working expression. He was now superintending the unloading of a wagon of stores and implements when the light carryall of the Randolphs rolled into the field. It contained only Mrs. Randolph and the driver. A slight look of intelligence passed between the latter and the nearest one of Dawson's companions, succeeded, however, by a dull look of stupid vacancy on the face of all the others, including Dawson. Mrs. Randolph noticed it and was forewarned. She reflected that no human beings ever looked naturally as stupid as that and were able to work. She smiled sarcastically and then began with dry distinctness and narrow lips.

"He couldn't change your blood."

The assayer who examined the aerote that fell on the farm of Lawrence Freeman near Bath, S. D., on the afternoon of Aug. 23, 1892, reports that the principal minerals it contains are gold, silver, nickel and cobalt.

SAFE, QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

The valuable curative properties of ALL-COCK'S PLEASANT PASTILS are due to the employment of the highest medicinal and chemical skill. They are purely vegetable, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled; safe, quick and effectively in their action, they do not burn or blister, but soothe and revive while curing, and can be worn without causing inconvenience.

All other so-called porous plasters are imitations, made to sell on the reputation of ALL-COCK'S PLEASANT PASTILS.

DR. D. W. HARTIGES
"I have used a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family, and I am quite sure we have been greatly benefited by its use. I have been treated with indigestion, accompanied with heart palpitation, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me very much good. We have also given it to our children for impure blood and rashes with very good results. I am, W. H. Bunker, Pleasant Hill, Oregon.

Don't Lose Heart.
PLANT BERRY'S SEEDS
This seed, and made up for our little Perry's Seed Annual for 1904 will be sent to you free of charge. Write to us about it to order and how to get it. This seed is sold in all countries. Write to us for more information. Source, Free to all.

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

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

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

Flesh
means strength to withstand chronic ailments, coughs, colds and disease. Sound flesh is essential to health.

Scott's Emulsion
The Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriched the blood, builds up flesh and fortifies the system against sickness and chronic ailments. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Free by Mail
A Whole Garden.
Let us send you our Illustrated Catalogue which will tell you all about it. Name and address of Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of SSS "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poisoning. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work. SSS is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

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MAKES A Perfect Cure of BURNS, BRUISES, SCALDS, CUTS AND WOUNDS.

WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE ROTS.
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF SAFOLIC
Smoke the Admiral Cigarettes and be happy.

Heart Palpitation

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