

# Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

## Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

### A ROMANCE OF SOUTH CHICAGO.

By Gladys Gertrude Alice Vere. Rejected Him.

Athwart the dark midnight sky the moon was riding cold and drear. It shone upon the laughing face of Gladys Gertrude Alice Vere. As cold and drear as the moon that face patrician seemed to be to one who had seen her in her glory days—staid form on bedded chairs.

On South Chicago's metal roofs the damp and dismal raindrops fell. The night wind tore upon its wings a specimen of stock yards' smell.



A STALWART FORM ON BEDDED KNEE.

It was a rather sickly night, and yet the only night on file, and grown up moon didn't laugh, were known to go and take a walk. But ah, ah! Why this drear? Our tale is one of love and war, and little looks it if the rain falls on the roofs or floors below.

"My darling," cried the lover then, "you promised once that you'd be mine. Why stand aloof and spurn me thus? Oh, you are true, and I am true!"

She viewed him with a scornful eye. The moon in grandeur rode the white. A peeler struck a slippery place and fell about half a mile.

"You are true, and I am true!" she said, and she triumphantly marched off with them to the village station house, he leading the Italian and the Italian leading the bear.

Arraigned before the police justice, the Italian pleaded guilty, and the judge offhandedly gave him a most severe and scorching lecture on the enormity of his offense, ending by fining him \$10, the full extent of the law.

The culprit had a lot of small change in his pocket, but being mostly pennies and nickels it only counted up to \$7.50. For a feloniousness the judge was in a quandary. He didn't want to send the fellow to jail, but he couldn't let him go.

"Free, officer, take this fellow out to the water pit and let him perform with his wife until he makes up the balance, and we'll get to drive him out of town!"

Expensive Fuel. Little Girl—I went into Mrs. Eliza's house and there isn't a door left in it. Not a door left in it. Not a door left in it. Not a door left in it.

Scott's Emulsion. The Cream of Cod-liver Oil, which makes children robust and healthy, and stimulates the development of the lungs in old and young alike. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

### AN ITINERANT TOOTH TINKER.

How Dr. John Rabe Visited the South Sea Islands.

Dr. John Rabe, a California dentist, residing in Oakland, has traveled for years in distant lands and studied the characteristics of unfamiliar peoples, though he had little or no capital beyond his knowledge of his profession and the working tools thereof, and he has come back with considerable more money than he had when he started, bringing curios enough to stock a museum and ideas and information enough to fill many volumes.



DR. JOHN RABE.

packed a grip-sack in 1888 and started off to try to make the wants of the islanders in respect to teeth counterbalance his necessities in the matter of cash.

His scheme was a brilliant success. He got all the work he cared to do and made plenty of money, and as he was something of an ethnologist and curiosity hunter as well as a dentist he found many other things of interest besides the teeth of the natives.

After that he went to Samoa and was there when the Germans tried to steal the islands. King Tamassoo was one of his patients, and the doctor has a model of his jaw. It is fully twice the ordinary size, and the teeth are exceptionally big and powerful.

The Fiji, the New Hebrides and New Caledonia were next visited in turn. The last named is a French penal colony, but Dr. Rabe says Americans are more interested in it than they know.

Marked Will Be Cheaper. Housekeepers will be glad to learn that mackerel, salt or fresh, which for the last few years has been an expensive article of food, and which is a most appetizing and desired one as well, will shortly be perceptibly cheaper.

To prevent this a law was passed prohibiting the catching of mackerel until the 1st of June, by which time a good growth is obtained. As, however, by that date they have become scarce in this vicinity, the price became correspondingly high.

A fish dealer said recently: "It was wicked the way these fish were wasted; for twenty-five cents, a few years ago, you could come into my shop and buy a half peck of mackerel, small and big, as they came. Then they grew so scarce that about the time the law went into effect a single plump fish brought one dollar sometimes."

After reading a few more bits of news in the paper I began to feel sleepy, so I got up to go to bed—first, however, going around the house to see that all was locked up and secure, and that Benson, who was sleeping for the time being in one of the attics, had not forgotten to put the kitchen lamp out, which sometimes he did.

The window of my room was wide open and a lovely fresh breeze came blowing in. I sat down on the bed for a minute or two to enjoy it. A nice in-

### A QUEER ADVENTURE.

"No, thanks, old chap; I really can't stop the night. I should like to awfully, but, you see, if I didn't turn up the wife we'd be in a funk and never go to bed at all, thinking something had gone wrong. Besides, I've got to do some more work, and I haven't started yet."

"Well, just as you like, only I wish you'd have said earlier you didn't mean stopping, so we could have telegraphed to let you wouldn't be back. It's after half past 7 now, and our nearest office is five miles away, so it's too late."

It was no use; Jim Carson wouldn't stop, so I had to order the trap to drive him to the station to catch the 8:40 back to town.

After seeing him off I went to the station master's office to inquire if some thing I was expecting had arrived, and while there I noticed an evening paper lying on the table. It just happened that an intimate friend of mine had a lawsuit on about some copyright business, and the first hearing of the case was to have taken place that day.

Thinking the affair, as far as it had proceeded, might be reported, I asked the station master if he would mind my having a look at the paper for a minute. "Certainly," he said. "You may as well take it back with you, as I have finished with it. There's a piece in it about some fellow as is said to have escaped from Bradley asylum last night, and about killed one of the warden's chaps. I expect it's just one of them yarns as gets into evening papers now and again. Well, good night, sir. I'll send up your things as soon as they arrive."

I was a long time going the three miles which lay between the station and my lately acquired domicile. Lighting a cigarette and leaving Tommy to shamble on as best he liked, I started in to think.

Six months ago what was I? Well, what is generally called a literary hack, getting about thirty-five shillings a week—sometimes more, generally less—just because a crusty old uncle on whom I was dependent had seen fit to chuck me out back and crop for the simple reason that I didn't go in for what he wanted me to—i. e., the bar.

I was of a literary turn of mind, and thought I should never be a shining light in the profession. I could at least earn my bread and cheese. So in a fit of anger I told the old gentleman I wouldn't be a lawyer, whereupon I was called an ungrateful, impudent puppy, and told to do what I liked.

"No," I thought to myself; "Robert Grant, if you've got to perjure, do it indirectly."

So I went in for journalism! And now poor old uncle has gone the way of all flesh, letting me in for all his estate, real and personal, including Ashworth lodge. Old uncles who quarrel with their willful nephews and disinheret them generally do come around at the last. Mine did at any rate.

Jim Carson, the fellow whom I had seen off, was an old claim of mine in the scribbling days, and had just run down to see my new abode and wish a rich uncle had kicked him out some years ago.

Tommy aroused me from my musings by straining over something in the road and nearly throwing me out. So I gathered up the reins, and he went the rest of the journey at a smart pace.

"Benson," I said to the man whom I had engaged as a kind of valet groom until I was properly settled, "when you've put the horse up, just tell Mrs. Hewetson she can go home as soon as she likes, as I shan't want anything more tonight."

Mrs. Hewetson was the wife of the gardener, who lived about half a mile away, and was looking after the house and cooking for me.

It was too fine a night and too early to turn in, so I settled myself in my old uncle's favorite armchair before the dining room window and commenced to look over the paper I had first for the lawsuit report, but evidently the case had not come on until late, as there was nothing in the paper about it.

"Hello, this must be what the station master was talking about!"

Late last evening a lunatic named James Lanes made good his escape from Bradley asylum under peculiar circumstances, which will probably result in the death of one of the attendants. It seems that last night the usual annual ball took place at the asylum, and several of the inmates suffering from the milder forms of insanity were allowed to be present at the ordinary guests and their friends.

There J. L. Carson telegraphed in the morning he was coming to see me by the first train next day to have a look around my estate, as he called it, so I gave up the idea of going, as I should be too tired in the morning to show him around. Anyhow my telegram failed to show up in time, so I was bored in any case.

After reading a few more bits of news in the paper I began to feel sleepy, so I got up to go to bed—first, however, going around the house to see that all was locked up and secure, and that Benson, who was sleeping for the time being in one of the attics, had not forgotten to put the kitchen lamp out, which sometimes he did.

### Mrs. Ye Joins the Church.

The members of the Korean legation in Washington are showing themselves more progressive than any of the orientals of the diplomatic corps. When the Koreans arrived four years ago they wore gorgeous silk gowns, long pigtails and peculiar ventilated hats which looked like flytraps. They were followed about the city by a mob of small boys, but they soon laid aside their oriental garb. Over a year ago the men at the legation did away with their pigtails and donned trousers. Then Mrs. Ye, wife of the minister, began wearing the most fashionable gowns of American make, and her home became a social center among the diplomats.

Mrs. Ye has now become a member of the Presbyterian church. For some time she and her husband have attended the Church of the Covenant, occupying seats directly back of President Harrison. It is only within recent days, however, that Mrs. Ye had her name entered as a member of the church. She took the step while visiting in a small Virginia town near here. It is understood that the Korean minister and other members of the legation will follow the example of Mrs. Ye.—Chicago News-Record.

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Even people who had their own farm lands on the sides of the railway were forbidden to walk across. The trains from Moscow were stopped and were sent off all within a quarter of an hour of each other in the evening. The river traffic was also entirely suspended. It can be readily imagined what discomfort and suspension of traffic occasioned, and it is only a Russian official who can see the good of it.—London News.

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Repairing an Old House. The ancient blockhouse in Edgecomb, at the entrance of Wiscasset harbor, Maine, which was built in 1608, has fallen into such dilapidation that extensive repairs have been found necessary. To replace the timbers which supported the walls and floors of the second story beams fifteen inches square have been required. Summer residents of the vicinity have undertaken the task of restoring and preserving the old landmark.—New York Tribune.

Nearing the Grave. In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to the grave as never and the grave itself is a fearful sight. In this case it is a relic of a man of a noble and a noble mind, a relic of a man of a noble and a noble mind, a relic of a man of a noble and a noble mind.

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If a costume like that in which Herr Stempel has induced many ladies of social position, pupils of his gymnasium, to give public displays were introduced by the women members of some good cycling club for wear in that exercise, it would be perceived to be so superior in point of modesty as well as of grace and safety, and to attract so little notice after being once seen, that it would be quickly adopted generally.

Tutinary Trees. Ancient people had their tutinary trees just as they had their tutelary gods—the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Among the Scandinavians the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade while they went on with their har-

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Remove Stiffness. None are so quick to see the advantage of a remedy as those who may be called on at any time to avail themselves of it. In witness of this J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union, President of the Amateur Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of The Sporting Times, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports, and I always found it to my advantage to use ALCOCK'S POWER PLASTER while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness, and when I tackled with any kind of pain, the result of slight colds, I always used ALCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present-day use nothing else but ALCOCK'S PLASTER."

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