

# 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.

### Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate "why" he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly. — Youth's Companion.

### The Power of Gold.

He loved her. She loved him. They loved each other.

But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger. The time had come when the youth must ask the father for his daughter, and he feared to go to him. He held a long conference with his beloved. He told her he did not want to ask her father.

"George, dear," she asked in a tremulous whisper, "how much do you want?"

"A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly.

Her face shone in the twilight.

"Then you don't have to ask him," she said, with simple trust. "Let him know that, and he will ask you."

And George gave the old man a tip.— Detroit Free Press.

### Playing to Light Hoises.



—Truth.

### A Real Nice Fellow.

Do you suppose Clara Penrose cares anything for me?"

"Singerly—Well, she said some pretty nice things about you last night when I was there."

"Singerly—Did she? What were they?"

"Singerly (seriously)—For one thing, she said you were a fine dancer. It was such a comfort, she said, to find a man who really danced well."

"Singerly—Then she said your manners were perfect. It was a pleasure to go anywhere with you, she said, because she felt so perfectly secure with you and sure of you."

"Singerly (laughing)—Besides, this will dispel your presentment," he handed me a letter addressed to him, received that morning, postmarked Stockholm. I read it.

Ivan Trasky:

Sra—As I have confessed to get an answer to my letter to Miss. Colan. I have my fears that she might not have received it. I believe that she still remains in America. If you should see her kindly say that I made no effort to arrange her business affairs, and that her securities still rest with her solicitors. My bridge and I start on a tour of Norway to-morrow. Please give my best wishes to Mrs. Melin, for among all I hope the richest of life's blessings. Most sincerely,

And so I dried my eyes and set another seal of hate upon my heart, to lock out forever the image of him who in my girl days I had learned to love!

### CHAPTER V.

Greatly Surprised.

Lieutenant Blank of the army is 4 feet 4 inches tall and tips the scale at 230 pounds. He was stationed for many years in Washington, attached to a scientific bureau of the government, his writings being well known to the scientific world.

Much of his writing was done evenings at home, and he would sometimes carry home necessary reference books and return them to his office at will. One morning he gathered together several, none of them very small, and putting them under his arm started for his office.

In the course of his walk he was brought face to face with a very black little negro, who, with arms akimbo, chin dropped and his shining eyes filled with wonder, had planted himself directly in front of Lieutenant Blank.

Before the gentleman had time to do more than take in this apparition of darkness the little "pickaninny" had thrown back his head, so to be able to gaze upon the lieutenant's face, and in a tone of comical amazement exclaimed:

"Gude gracious, mister, is you gwine to school?" — Youth's Companion.

Hobby Foots the Bills.

The man who is hanging to a strap in a cable car often hears conversations which are worth repeating.

"Don't you hate to have to ask your husband for money to buy your dresses and hats with?" said a matron in dark green to one in seal brown.

"I never do," was the reply.

"Don't you? Does he give it to you without asking?"

"The matron in seal asked her head.

"Have you a regular allowance, or does he pay you a weekly salary, as some women maintain is the correct thing?"

"Neither."

"Then you must have private means of your own to draw on, but every woman is not so well situated as that."

"Wrong again. I have no fortune of my own, and my husband pays for everything I use."

"Then how do you manage if you never ask him for money and he never gives you any without asking?"

"Oh, I simply order what I want and have the things carried." — Pittsburg Chronicle.

## THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-POSTER.

"Bless you, no; not blood relatives. Ivan is my uncle by marriage, and only great-great uncle at that, his wife having been great aunt to my mother."

One night and once again, as we walked beneath the heavy screen of the park trees, a shadow fell in front of us—the figure of a woman, it appeared to me—and as quickly did it fly away again. I remember having twice remarked it to Ivan. On the second occasion the shadow came just as we were repighting our throats and naming the day. I started, considerably frightened. Ivan calmed me.

"It was nothing," he remarked, "only a branch of that tall tree swinging across our path."

"But if it had been—if it could have understood—if it could have spoken—that shadow would have heard our pledges?"

"And you are ashamed of them, my darling?"

"No! oh, no, Ivan. Only I am a creature of such silly suspicions. My nation—my dear Swedish people—are some how imbued more or less with a belief in 'curse things,' as the Scots say. It may be a fault, but it was born in me. Even when I was a child my old nurse used to tell me tales of strange gnomes and hobgoblins, saying that they swarmed about us, and the lesson seems to have followed me. So do not chide me!"

His answer was that which he always gave when I pleaded for grace.

He kissed me.

The shadowy figure had faded into space.

As it was his custom to confide all of his little adventures to me, he found it quite in his turn of fancies one evening to relate a little incident that had that morning leaped into his life. It happened fully a fortnight after my receipt of Oief's letter. Ivan had returned home long after his usual hour.

"What kept you so long, Ivan?" I asked as he came down to dinner.

"A most peculiar circumstance, my darling," he answered. "I was passing along Broadway, near Canal street, to my office when a young man met me. He carried a traveler's bag in his hand and had evidently just arrived from a journey. As our eyes clashed he stopped suddenly, shocked, it seemed, by a momentary pang in his head—vertigo it looked like to me—threw up his hand, quickly passed his fingers over his brow, clutched at his throat as if he would tear open his collar to relieve a strangling sensation, and losing consciousness he reeled and fell. As he came to the ground I supported him, and with the aid of a passerby we carried him to a little shop in Canal street. But as he did not survive I had him conveyed to the hospital."

"But that did not keep you all day. Come, Ivan, confess now."

"Ah," he answered, "it took up three or four hours of my time, and as my office duties require a measured amount of attention each day I was obliged to stop there until I got through with my correspondence."

I accepted his explanation.

"But the man's name?" I added. "You did learn that?"

"How could I? He had not come to his senses when I left him."

"But he must have carried papers?"

"If he did they were locked in his bag."

"How old was he?"

"Perhaps five-and-twenty."

"American?"

"A foreigner, I fancy."

"A foreigner!" I cried. My head reeled. "What if it had been—but such nonsense! It could not have been Oief? You know Oief, of course? You were born next door to him, or he to you, rather."

"What put that thought into your little head?" he laughed. "Besides, this will dispel your presentment," he handed me a letter addressed to him, received that morning, postmarked Stockholm. I read it.

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remember—upon the back of my letter?"

He laughed outright, called me a foolish woman and told me that I must not cling to superstitions.

"A strange trait, that, with the Swedish people," he added. "They swear by signs. Why, upon my word, Cesca, if you go on like this you will be letting us see some of those funny little men popping out of the rocks yonder, akin to those that your Swedish peasants declare dwell in the forest. And while I think about it, Rip Van Winkle's little gnomes did use to play at tennis not far up the river—over in Sleepy Hollow, you know," he jested.

He had no sooner spoken than a huge, thick cloud flung its black mantle over the face of the sun. The wind arose, higher, madder, faster. The waters of the Hudson rose and pranced and stood upright. A great, roaring noise of threat and chaos filled the air, deafening in its force. The waters below dashed and foamed. Small sails were picked up, tossed and hurled shoreward.

The outing parties made for the shelter of cafes and the village near by. Confusion reigned. The sky grew dark black. Theimps of evil seemed to rise out of the very earth beneath our feet. Agents of fury and warning dangled from the sky. A brilliant flash of lightning crossed the scene, quickly followed by a crash of thunder. I clung to Irene, who was quaking with fright. The flash had told me that Ivan was deadly pale.

"Too late to move now!" was all that he could say.

"But it is hardly upon us. We might reach the nearest cafe. Besides, this tree is a dangerous conductor," I protested.

"The whole scene is shrouded," he whispered. "We are as safe here as anywhere."

"Another flash came! In the direction of the bushes to the west I noticed a figure stealing toward us—a woman.

"Look! She has lost her way. Come nearer to me—closer, Ivan, closer I hear I hear! I cried, as he clasped me in his arms. But the woman, only quickened her pace, which was quickened by the frequent flashes of light. Faster and faster she ran toward us, Irene, becoming inconsolable, rushed off to the nearest cafe.

The woman was now upon us! For an instant a bright flash illuminated the spot. I looked; I saw a face.

"Great God! Vera!"

"Ivan!" I cried. "Do you see! A spirit! Her specter! Vera's ghost!"

The man strove to speak. His tongue was lashed to the roof of his mouth. He moved—confronted her, the phantom like figure, as a daredevil might face a harbinger of death!

"At last!" the woman cried.

"Vera!" screamed Ivan, and fell upon his knees before her.

"It is here that I find you!" she continued. "I have tracked you many times, thinking that you were building your plans as we were."

"As you agreed?" Ivan cried.

"You, Ivan Trasky, my husband, and I, Vera, your wife!" she answered, as her hot temper flared her. "Yes, as we agreed! I have crossed your path a score of times. Under the park tree I heard you plight your troth. In the lover's seat I have heard your passionate words of love. I have watched and waited patiently, believing that you, but schemed as we had promised. But now you have gone too far. Your words are no longer empty sounds. You love that girl! Ah, deny it not! Trust to a woman's eyes to read the peridy in a man's heart."

"Vera!" he protested, as I crept further into the shade to miss the flash of her temper.

"Out upon it!" she exclaimed. "The farce has gone far enough! You would have me die tragically! Oh, I know! The girl's falling health but a few weeks back, her discovery of her weakness, your attempts to poison her! It is too true! And where is the stranger you found fainting in the street? Oief—where is he?"

"God! Oief!" I screamed, as the frightful truth all darted to my brain. "The stranger, the accident, the hospital!" I bent my tortured heart to listen.

"Where is he?" she repeated. "You have told me in your letters—the forcible detention of Oief at your friend's house—now confess it! And the securities that you stole from his bag and sent to me! Ah! you would—would have killed the girl for her fortune, as we agreed! But your heart, even blacker than mine, turned false to your wife! You ruined the plot by your peridy! Jealousy drives me to confess it! You loved her! I am here to avenge the wrong! You would have wrought a tragedy—till your mind turned topsy-turvy, and then you would have had the girl, deceiving her into the belief that I was dead! But now it is my turn! We will end it here! Aye, and with a tragedy! Indeed! Now pay for your sin!" And with the stout arms of a maniac Vera bound her in his tracks; then with giant force she pushed him to the cliff. My heart stood still! The ground whirled!

At last Ivan found his speech.

"Woman! what would you do?" and he struggled with her as one of his feet slipped over the rock. He was falling!

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Harem in Modern Turkey.

"Harem" in the modern acceptation of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelor's establishment inhabited by solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women. The end of the Turkish railway carriage, curtained off from the rest, is a harem. So is the ladies' cabin on board ship and the latticed gallery in a mosque.

In the dwelling house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family, and here, I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom.—Scribner's Magazine.

Dr. Fuller's Memory.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice.

He one day attempted to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Chesapeake and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, and he did it easily.—Interior.

Sympathy.

Ruper—I think I'll pour some cologne in this medicine bottle.

Mamma—Why?

Ruper—Why, to take the taste out of its mouth.—Harper's Young People.

### A GENUINE ROMANCE.

This is How it Happens in Real Life—A Story of a Young Man and a Girl.

This is a story of a young man and a girl. The girl was pretty. The young man thought she was the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

He met her in the house of a friend in the village in which she lived. He was dazzled. He followed her around the entire evening. He tried to make an impression, and when he came away he thought he had impressed her, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight.

He came back to Buffalo. He talked of the girl by day and dreamed of her by night. Business kept him from going again to the village which held the radiant being within its corporate limits. He did not know how well entitled to write to her. He hoped. His eyes grew dim. He was as sorely stricken with love as a man could be and maintain anything like his mental poise.

Last week one day he heard that she was in this city visiting friends. He was wild with delight. A day later a friend of the friends with whom the divinity was staying came to him and said that he thought he could fix things so the stricken young man could take the southern tier girl to the theatre. The young man implored him to do so, and he did.

In the days between the theater going and the first arrangements the young man lived in a dream. He invited a married friend and his wife to go along and act as chaperons. They said they would. He looked his guests over carefully, had them cleaned and pressed, bought a new pair of gloves and fixed himself up regardless of cost.

The night came. The young man went after the girl with a carriage. It was the best one he could hire. He had the four best seats in the theater. They saw the theatre and he took them to the sweltering cafe in town and had luncheon. He ordered champagne like a California millionaire.

Then they drove home. The girl talked of inconsequential matters. She had liked the play. She told the young man that she would be in the city a month longer. He helped her into the carriage, and she tripped up the steps, said "Good night!" sweetly and vanished behind the heavy doors.

The young man got in the carriage and drove back to the city. It was so full of the image of the girl that he was down town before he had time to think of anything else. Then one extraneous thought did come to him. He sat up straight in the carriage and swore a big, triangular oath.

She had not asked him to call! He got out of the carriage and went into a hotel. He sought the reading room and seized a sheet of paper. Then he put down these figures in a row:

Carriage.....\$3 00  
Tickets..... 4 00  
Luncheon..... 10 00  
Gloves..... 2 00  
Incidental..... 5 00  
Total.....\$24 00

He held that slip of paper in his hand for a long time and gazed at it earnestly, not to say sadly. Finally he rose, and as he did he said hoarsely, "Well, I got the goods laid anyhow."—Buffalo Express.

### MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates against his own kind. The most common of these is the use of opium and other drugs.

Opium is a deadly poison. It is a habit which is easy to acquire and difficult to break. It is a habit which is a curse to the individual and a disgrace to the community.

### WHY NOT YOU?

It is a habit which is easy to acquire and difficult to break. It is a habit which is a curse to the individual and a disgrace to the community.

### TAKE THE BEST CURE THAT SHILOH'S CURE.

Shilo's Cure is a reliable remedy for coughs, colds, and bronchitis. It is a simple, natural preparation that will relieve the most distressing symptoms.

### ST. JACOBS OIL CURES MAGICALLY.

St. Jacobs Oil is a powerful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, and other painful conditions. It is a natural preparation that will provide quick relief.

### SAFOLIN.

Safolin is a modern remedy for chronic cases of many years cured easily. It is a powerful, safe medicine that will restore health and vitality.

### MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Has retained her vigor of mind as well as strength of body in her old age. She writes:

"40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1880."

"I have used ALCOCK'S PLASTER for some years for myself and family, and as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains to which flesh is heir. I have used ALCOCK'S PLASTER for all kinds of lumbago and acute pain, and by frequent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other, it is without my authority or sanction."

Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER. BARNBETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known.

"Look at old Mr. Jones over there soliloquizing." "What! Talking to himself? I guess not. He is so deaf he can't hear himself talk."

As a cure for sore throat and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain a good reputation.

"I have never had the courage to get married." "Have you, sir? What's your business?" "Oh, I'm only a lion tamer."

### HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WEST & TRUXAL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

Use Emulsive Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GRAMA for breakfast.

### 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 adopting the world's best products, will attest the value of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually 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 any 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.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

### Antifermentine.

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CHEESE, PICKLES, etc., and does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation.

The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

Antifermentine is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is GUARANTEED to do what we say we will do.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

### DRESSMAKING AND CUTTING.

Standard system of the world. Highest awards at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. Perfect fitting garments. Learn to cut and make your own clothes at Home. You can Make and Save Money. Dressmakers. Cut and Sew Patterns and Dressmaking complete. A CHILD CAN LEARN.

### Jackson's New French System.

Jackson's Franco-Prussian Tailor System AT HOME BY MAIL. Our school is open day and evening. Every lady should know. Dressmakers are imperfect without our system. No printing, no alterations, no trying on. Perfect-Fitting Patterns cut to measure. Sew, Press, Steam, etc. and we will send How to Take Measurements, etc. If you want perfect fitting garments, send to us for Patterns and learn our system. Special rates for block patterns by the dozen to Dressmakers. We are general Western agents. Local agents wanted.

JACKSON'S TAILORING INSTITUTE, 607 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.



### Blood Poisoned.

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