

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
— Latest U. S. Government Food Report. —
Absolutely Pure

HELEN'S FACE A BOOK.
Helen's face is like a book—
Charming all its pages,
Helen's face is like a book,
What's the story I forsook?
When on Helen's face I look?
When her smile engages?

There I read an old romance;
Here I see the living,
There I read an old romance,
But in Helen's lightest glance
For a livelier tale enchants,
Wild excitement giving!

What is printer's ink to me?
Commas, dots and dashes?
What is printer's ink to me
If with Helen I may be,
Exclamation points to me
Underneath her lashes! —Lark.

The Lord Mayor's Costumes.
London's lord mayor has to put on three suits of clothes on taking office. He wears a wide sleeved, velvet faced, fur trimmed robe of purple silk rep on presenting himself to the lord chancellor at Westminster; this he uses afterward as a police magistrate. For his show he wears a robe of superfine scarlet broadcloth, faced with sable fur and lined with pearl satin; this he must wear when greeting the judges at the Old Bailey and on All Saints' days. The dress for evening and formal receptions is a black damask satin robe, embroidered with silver gilt. Under these he wears a velvet coat and knee breeches. The robes are perquisites of the office and cost \$1,000. The chain of the office has on it diamonds worth \$600,000, and each lord mayor must give bonds for its safe return on receiving it. When the queen passes through the city, a fourth robe is necessary; but, as that seldom happens, it is bought only when the occasion arises.



SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A FARM GIVEN AWAY

Consisting of one sheet of FARM BUILDINGS and one sheet of 78 Subjects, DOMESTIC ANIMALS, etc. These are to please the children. The Farm House and Animals can be cut out and made to stand, thus making a complete Miniature Farm Yard.

3 Ways to Get This Farm:

Send 6 Coupons; or
1 Coupon and 8 Cents; or
10 Cents without any Coupon, to

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C.,
and the Farm will be sent you POSTPAID. You will find one Coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and two Coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Tobacco.

Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.

2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

LOVE'S MODEL CITY.
An Enormous Iron and Steel Plant to Be Established There.
The largest real estate contract ever made in western New York was filed in the county clerk's office at Lockport the other day, involving the transfer of 26,500 acres of land under option to the Niagara Power and Development company, better known as Love's Model City. The company now controls over 30,000 acres, and will now push forward its canal which was commenced last year.

The projectors announce that almost \$500,000 worth of property has been sold off, which amounts to half of their belongings. They will furnish 25,000 horsepower to a company which will invest \$10,000,000. It is claimed that leading iron and steel men are in the enterprise, and that 5,000 men will be employed and 10,000,000 tons of finished steel turned out annually. It is also claimed that steel can be manufactured in Model City 24 per cent cheaper than in Pittsburg.

CREDITED MISS ROCKEFELLER.
She Couldn't Quite Understand Why the Shopman Was So Gracious.
A pretty story is told of Mrs. Harold McCormick while she was Miss Edith Rockefeller, showing the simple manner in which she regarded her father's great wealth.

The incident occurred when she was a pupil at one of the fashionable New York schools. She, with a party of girls from her class, presented herself at a certain furniture dealer's to choose a gift for a favorite teacher. The price of the pretty writing desk, however, was more than the sum in their possession. The girls suggested that if the desk was sent they would forward the balance as soon as possible.

The proprietor very politely, but also very decidedly, informed the girls that he could not do as they asked. "But," he said, "if you can think of any New York business man with whom any of your fathers are acquainted and who will vouch for you the matter may possibly be arranged."

"Why," said the daughter of the great petroleum magnate, "I think my papa has an office down on Broadway. Possibly we can get the money there."

"Who is your father?" queried the dealer.

"His name is Rockefeller," replied the girl simply. "John D. Rockefeller. He is in the oil business."

The merchant gasped and looked at the girl in amazement. "John D. Rockefeller your father? Is John D. Rockefeller good for \$25?" he repeated in excitement.

Then he recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to order the desk packed up and sent immediately, while Miss Edith, very much astonished at his unwonted excitement, thanked him with pretty and simple grace.—Philadelphia Press.

A prospective juror, wearing long hair and a wealth of whiskers, caused much laughter in Judge Dunne's court.

"Do you understand the meaning of the word 'malicious'?" asked the attorney for the defense.

"Of course I do," promptly replied the man in the jury box.

"Well, now, what does it mean?"

"Soldiers," answered the bewhiskered juror. Then he looked surprised while the court told him he was excused from further service.

He afterward said he thought that the lawyer asked him the meaning of the word "militia".—Exchange.

THE RED LANTERN.

"Oh, pshaw, pop! What made you get a red one?"

"Why, my son, I thought a red lantern would tickle you to death."

"Naw," returned Jimmy, contemptuously. "I wanted one with a green light. They're twice as nice."

"Well, now, that's strange," said John Saunders, looking at his boy's disappointed face. "When I was a youngster, I liked anything if 'twas red—a red wagon, sled, top. As long as there was some red about it I thought 'twas stylish and first class."

"Red is so common," said Jimmy, with great airs.

"Go 'long," said the father. "Aren't you ashamed, sir? That's the sort of airs you learn from playing with boys that have money—at least their fathers have. Red common. Well, so am I common; so's your ma, and, for the matter of that, so are you, too, I reckon. Don't forget that, Jimmy. You're the son of a laboring man. Don't try to ape folks who are better off in this world."

Jimmy Saunders picked up the despoiled lantern and went out to the barn with it. His father had just returned from the town with a few purchases for the family and among them this lantern, which was not up to Jimmy's ideas of lanterns. He wanted one with a bright green light and nickel trimmings like the one used at Mr. Somers' stables. Charlie Somers said they were much nicer than red lanterns, which were common looking and only used by railroad men. And what Charlie Somers said was law to Jimmy Saunders. Charlie lived in Chicago during the winter and only spent his vacations out in Indiana on his father's handsome country place. So, of course, being the son of a rich man and a dweller in the cities, his word had a great weight with the boy who had never been farther away from the farm than to the neighboring town of Dexter.

Mr. Saunders' farm lay next to the railroad, which wound like a great shining serpent through the woods, the deep cut beyond the creek and across the swamp and on to Chicago, that wonderful city of which Jimmy never tired of hearing Charlie's descriptions.

But just now there was trouble in the great city—mobs and strikes and confusion and chaos almost. Every day the boys could hear Mr. Somers speak of the state of affairs to the gentlemen who were visiting him, and all agreed that there were to be terrible times unless the city was declared under martial law.

And as the days went on and rumors of fires and killing and destruction floated out through the quiet countryside Charlie and Jimmy both became greatly interested in the news and plied their fathers with questions about the great strike.

"What did you hear in town today, father?" asked Jimmy, having recovered from his vexation over the red lantern, as his father was unharnessing Zebedee, the old gray horse.

"There's all sorts of news—the worst goings on in Chicago ever you heard of," answered his father. "And Dexter, too, is full of a crowd that's threatening to burn the depot. They've overturned a lot of freight cars and upset things generally around the station. I heard folks saying that soldiers are coming from New York some time tonight to re-enforce the troops in Chicago, and they were making threats that they shouldn't get farther than Dexter. I dunno," gloomily shaking his head, "I dunno what's going to happen, but I tell you one thing—I'm glad we don't live in Chicago, my son."

Jimmy secretly wished they did, so that he might see some of these exciting scenes, but as they didn't he tried to content himself by going to the Somers country place, half a mile up the road, to play tag with Charlie in pursuance of an engagement made early that morning.

When he went into the house to ask for his playmate, who was not outside as usual, he found an excited little group standing about the telephone in the hall and Mr. Somers listening intently to the unseen messenger.

"Perfect panic there tonight," he said as he dropped the receiver. "Troops fired into the mob this afternoon; killed half a dozen people; fires everywhere; wrecking going on and re-enforcements coming from New York tonight."

"Hello, Jim," said Charlie, coming forward. "Come on. Let's play strike. You be a freight car, and I'll be a striker and overturn you."

This new game was followed awhile, and then Charlie's fertile brain suggested another scheme. "You be a train full of soldiers coming from New York, and I'll be the mob and stop you."

So Jimmy, with many a toot and snort and "chug chug," rushed here and there among the shrubbery, playing he was a train, while Charlie piled sticks on the track and flagged the train and stopped it with a smart green lantern from the stable until both boys were tired out. The sun had long since set, and the darkness was coming on fast. "I must go home," suddenly cried Jimmy. "Gracious! I didn't know it was so late. Mother will be awfully worried."

"Well, be sure and come over tomorrow," cried Charlie after him, "and we'll play strike again."

"All right," answered Jimmy as he went whistling down the road.

As he came near the road Jimmy heard a strange sound. It was like the distant snarl and roar of the animals he remembered in the one circus he had attended in his life. He stopped for a moment to listen. The noise rose and died on the evening air, and mingled with it rose another sound like the clink of instruments against steel.

"That sounds as if somebody was hammering on the track," he said as he listened. But he was late and so hurried on toward home.

As he neared the gate his mother came running down the walk, her apron over her head. "Jimmy," she cried hysterically, "where is your father?"

"I don't know," answered the boy, staring in dismay at his mother, who was pale and trembling.

"Oh, my child," she screamed, "there's something wrong. Your father went over an hour ago down into the woods to find the stray lambs, and he never stays so late, and 10 or 15 minutes ago a crowd of yelling, cursing men swept by here like a cyclone and down into the woods, and father's there, and maybe they've killed him."

"Hold on, mother," cried Jimmy. "Don't take on so. I'll run down to the edge of the woods and see what's up. Father's all right. What would they hurt him for, I'd like to know?"

Though he spoke so stoutly, the boy was frightened, but he ran as fast as he could toward the woods. He remembered the noise he had heard at the track and suddenly it rushed over him what it meant. "They're sympathizers of the strikers," he whispered as he tore across the field, "and they're tearing up the track, I'll bet."

When he reached the woods, he stole along as cautiously as possible toward the din and uproar, which every moment grew louder. Suddenly he saw them.

There were 50 at least, bareheaded, ragged, prying up the track with crow-bars—a frightful sight to a lonely little boy creeping among the trees. The stray lambs, huddled together under a tree, were bleating in a frightened, helpless way. Jimmy felt sure his father must be near them, so, creeping on hands and knees now, the boy crawled slowly along and suddenly saw his father tied to a tree, watching the rioters completing their work of destruction. As Jimmy saw his father Mr. Saunders, turning his head, saw his son.

Jimmy was not 10 feet away from his father, while the mob was at least 40 feet away from both.

"Jimmy," murmured his father, "run, my boy, run! The New York special with soldiers! Run up the road and signal it! Never mind me, but save the train!"

With a half sob the boy crept back through the tall grass to the edge of the forest and then darted across the field toward the farmhouse like an arrow.

His mother met him. "Don't stop me, mother," he gasped. "Father's alive, but the strikers have got him. You run to Mr. Somers' for help. I'm going to signal the special." Signal the special! Suddenly he stopped. What with? How could he, a little boy, stop a train before it reached the cut yonder? Ah, the red lantern, the despised, common thing he had sneered at that very day.

Two minutes later this towheaded, freckled faced young hero was flying up the track, his red lantern lighted, his bare feet spurring the earth, panting, stumbling, sobbing, falling, up again and on.

A low rumble broke on his ear. The rails began singing under his feet. "It's coming!" he shrieked, and putting all his remaining strength into this last effort he dashed on a few rods farther.

There came a great white light glowing at him like an angry eye, nearer and nearer, larger, brighter. Would they ever see him as he stood there, desperately gripping his red lantern and swinging it with both his tired little arms?

At last! The engine gave a scream. "I see you, Jimmy!" it seemed to cry to the poor child. Then a shiver ran through the long train. It groaned and stopped, the engine panting and sighing, at the feet of James Saunders, hero.

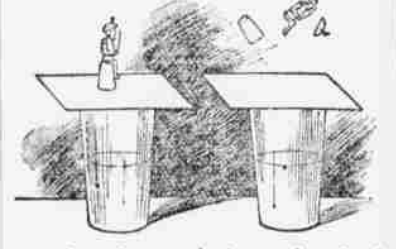
Do you suppose, if Jimmy lives to be 100 years old, he will ever forget that moment—the shouts, the questions, the excitement, the soldiers crowding around him, the glistening bayonets, the praise, the thanks, all the pride of the instant as he knew that he, a little prairie lad, had saved the special laden with Uncle Sam's troops?—Advance.

Wants Big Damages.
The Lake Erie and Western Railway company has been made defendant in a damage suit at Lafayette, Ind., the sum claimed being very large and the petition peculiar. The plaintiff is Hosea B. Tullis. Briefly, Mr. Tullis alleges that on Feb. 10 last year he was in the employ of the defendant company as a brakeman. There was a collision. Tullis was thrown a considerable distance, alighting upon the hard ground. He has ever since been an invalid. His left side and hand are paralyzed. He demands that the courts give him \$50,000.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Quite a Cannonade.
The Cannon family is very solid in the new state of Utah. The elder Cannon having declined to stand for the United States senate, the legislature proceeds to nominate his son. It is quite a booming of Cannon, as it were.—Boston Herald.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

The Jumping Manikin.
Take an ordinary tumbler and pour water into it until it is three-quarters full. Then carefully wipe the edge of the glass, so that it may be perfectly dry before you begin your little experiment. Place upon the top of the glass, as if you intended to protect the con-



tents from dust, a playing card made of good, firm paper, with the printed figure turned down toward the water. The card must be large enough to extend just over the edge of the glass all around.

Let the card remain on the glass for half an hour or so, and you will then see that the moist vapor rising from the liquid has caused the card to swell or arch in the center. Then take the card carefully by one of its corners and replace it on the glass, with the arched side reversed.

Having cut out of paper the figure of a little man, and inserted it in a slit in the top of a vial cork, place the cork carefully upon the center of the card and wait. Presently the moist vapor will make the card swell in the opposite direction, and, with a little clap, up will fly your manikin and your cork into the air.—Philadelphia Times.

A Simple Game.
A game which is both amusing and instructive, and which can be played without pencil, paper or paraphernalia of any sort, has been enjoyed by a party of bright young people at a summer boarding house.

The game is simply this: One member of a company—which may consist of any number of people from two upward—is to give out in their proper order the first three letters of a word which he has in his mind, and which the company are to guess. For instance, he may have in his mind the word calamity, in which case he announces, "I think of a word which begins c-a-l."

As fast as one of the others thinks of a word beginning with those letters he presents it orally for approval. There is no method in the group of guessers as to the order in which they speak, so that whenever two people hit upon the right word simultaneously, both receive credit for it, in case they announce their guesses at the same moment.

The difficulty and interest of the game are much increased by placing a limit upon the number of letters which the word shall contain. The party of young people referred to above limited the number to eight. This, of course, makes it more difficult to find a word which will puzzle the guessers.

Two prizes are usually assigned—one to the person who guesses the largest number of words correctly and the other to the one who has given the greatest number of words which have puzzled the guessers for five minutes or more.

"B-e-a" puzzled a group of bright people who were much amused when it at last appeared that "beau" had been in the proponer's mind. "C-a-n," after much guessing, elongated into "canoe" and "p-u-r" into "purity." The shortest and most ordinary words often prove the most puzzling, owing to some peculiarity of their formation.—Youth's Companion.



The Little Glutton.
If the earth was all a pudding round,
And the oceans were sauces sweet,
I'd sit on the sun all safe and sound
And just eat and eat and eat.
—San Francisco Examiner.

Makes a Beautiful House Plant.
People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when fields and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter will find that a sweet potato, planted in moist loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed end projecting upward, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time. It resembles the English ivy and rivals the glossy leaves of the Wandering Jew for house decoration.—Northwest Magazine.