HOUSEKEEPERS who are wise will not be persuaded into the purchase of the unreliable baking powders which some dealers wish to sell for the sake of the additional profit derived therefrom. Crudely mixed from low-grade, impure ingredients, such powders cost but half as much to make as the highly refined, absolutely pure Royal Baking Powder, although retailed at the same price. They are unwholesome and lacking in leavening strength.

Royal Baking Powder gives the greatest value for its cost, and there is no other powder or preparation that will give such satisfaction, or make such pure, wholesome and delicious food, or which in practical use will be found so economical.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?"

Web Flanagan's Own Story of How He Uttered the Famous Remark.

"Flanagan of Texas" is a name that always brings up a famous question, "What are we here for?" Whether in New York, Chicago or San Francisco, that name on the hotel register always brings a crowd of people to see the man who originated one of the most famous phrases in American politics. The sentence has gone into history and become a part of it. It was one of the memorable incidents of one of the most memorable conventions that ever assembled in America—the Chicago national Republican convention which defeated Grant and nominated Garfield. Ever since then somebody in every convention, large or small, has arisen to ask, "What are we here for?" Web Flanagan of Henderson, Rusk county, Tex., is the man who said it first of all. To a writer for the Galveston News Flanagan told the story of the phrase. This is the way he told it:

"It was in Chicago in 1880. I was a member from Texas in the national convention. When the committee on platform and resolutions reported, Barker of Massachusetts offered to insert a plank pledging the party to civil service reform. I arose in my place and said: 'Mr. President, Texas has had quite enough of civil service reform. Out of 1,300 offices in that state 1,000 of them are filled by Democrats. We believe that to the victors belong the spoils. Every proposition of this sort comes from states that are threatened with a Mugwump invasion. Sir, the boys in the trenches are demanding recognition. Party service entitles them to something at the party's hands. They need the offices, and, sir, what are we here for but for the offices?' Immediately the delegates and the galleries yelled. They shouted till they were hoarse, and it was several minutes before the chairman was finally able to restore order. The next day the incident was in all of the papers, and from then till now it has been traveling around the earth. I have seen it in foreign papers and have heard it time and again in national conventions since then. It was simply a forcible way I had of expressing myself. I never had the slightest idea that my chief claim to fame should be a chance expression in the confusion of a great national body."

A Wifely Argument.

"John," said the wife, looking up from the paper, "here is a writer who says wives ought to do all in their power to render themselves attractive in the eyes of their husbands. What do you think of that?"

"What do I think of it? It think it is sound common sense. That's the kind of thing to print for women's reading. Women should be taught their duty if they do not know it. I heartily agree with the sentiment."

"So do I. And I may add that a new bonnet and gown would render me twice as attractive in your eyes as I am now."

"Mary," said the husband, "you should have charge of the Alaska seal business and the fisheries question."—New York Press.

The Name of Easter.

The name Easter is derived, as some suppose, from Eostre, the title of a Saxon deity whose feast was celebrated every year in the spring about the same time as the Christian festival, the name being retained when the character of the feast was changed, or, as others suppose, from oster—which signifies rising. If the latter proposition be correct, Easter is in name as well as reality the feast of the resurrection.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Biggest House In Chicago.

A company at Naples are preparing a mosaic, representing the return of Columbus to Spain, for Mr. Furber of Chicago, who is building a palace in that city to be the Columbus palace, and which will be the largest private house in America. The mosaic measures about 200 square feet and is designed by Cavaliera E. Paoletti.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

MRS. ULRICH.

MRS. ANNA ULRICH, of *Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb.*, writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed *sealed*, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

LAST OF A STRANGE PILGRIM BAND.

A Maine Woman In Jaffa Awaiting Christ's Second Coming.

An interesting story came to the surface at Friday's midweek meeting at the old Stone church. The Hon. George H. Ely related an incident of woman's faith that came under his notice during a recent trip through the Holy Land. In company with four or five tourists, Mr. Ely was seated on a piazza of a hotel in Jaffa when his attention was attracted to half a dozen boys playing in the street below. All but one of the boys had swarthy complexions characteristic of the country, and the one exception was light complexioned, with perfect Caucasian features.

"That boy," said one of the gentlemen, "looks to me as though he belonged to the streets of New York instead of Jaffa." Their interest in the little fellow was aroused to such an extent that they went down to inquire, and to their surprise he spoke a little English. He said he lived with his mother a short distance up the street, and the party, including Mr. Ely, walked up street and entered the woman's house, which proved to be a hovel of the worst kind. They addressed her in English, and she was beside herself with joy to hear her native tongue spoken, and to their utter astonishment she told them that her home is in Maine.

"Maine, my good woman! What in the world are you doing here?" asked one of the party.

The woman then explained that many years since a number of men and women in the Maine village she came from were carried away with the idea that the second coming of Christ was near at hand, and that when he does come he will first appear in Palestine. A colony scraped up all their savings of years, and with their families they emigrated to Jaffa to be on hand when Jesus appears.

"Do they all live here?" was asked.

"They did," she replied, "but some of them, discouraged and tired of waiting, went back to America, the rest died, and I am here all alone with my boy."

"And how do you support yourself?"

"By washing for strangers, and I have a hard time doing it. Some weeks all I can do is to keep from starvation."

One of the men told the woman that Jaffa was no place for her and advised her to go back to America with her boy, give him a good American education and bring him up as an American citizen, but the woman simply smiled at the suggestion.

Returning to the hotel, the gentlemen, all of whom were well to do, figured out the cost of sending the woman and her boy back to her native village in Maine, made up a purse and threw in enough for incidental expenses and spending money. This done, they offered her the money—and a good round sum it was—but she absolutely refused to touch a penny of it.

"This is quite a temptation," she said, "but I came here to await the second coming of Christ, and I intend to remain here until he comes, unless I die first."

That was her ultimatum, and no amount of argument could dissuade her from her course.—Cleveland World.

EDWIN BOOTH'S UNHAPPINESS.

To His Daughter He Says He Was Never Really Happy.

A number of letters written by Edwin Booth to his daughter and intimate friends are published in The Century. The following one to his daughter gives an index to the melancholy that was so marked in his disposition:

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1888.

I have seen Rose several times and shall say goodby tomorrow. I do all I can for her, but nothing on earth can render her lonely life less weary, poor soul! As for God's reward for what I have done, I can hardly appreciate it. 'Tis more like punishment for misdeeds (of which I've done many) than grace for good ones (if I've done any). Homelessness is the actor's fate, physical incapacity to attain what is most required and desired by such a spirit as I am slave to. If there be rewards, I certainly am well paid, but hard schooling in life's thankless lessons has made me somewhat of a philosopher, and I've learned to take the buffets and rewards of fortune with equal thanks, and in suffering all to suffer—I won't say nothing, but comparatively little. Dick Stoddard wrote a poem called "The King's Bell," which fits my case exactly (you may have read it). He dedicated it to Lorimer Graham, who never knew an unhappy day in his brief life, instead of to me, who never knew a really happy one. You mustn't suppose from this that I'm ill in mind or body. On the contrary, I am well enough in both. Nor am I a pessimist. I merely wanted you to know that the sugar of my life is bitter sweet—perhaps not more so than every man's whose experience has been above and below the surface. Business has continued large and increases a little every night. The play will run two weeks longer. Sunday at 4 o'clock I start for Baltimore, arriving there at 10 o'clock.

Tomorrow a meeting of actors, managers and artists at breakfast to discuss and organize, if possible, a theatrical club like the Garrick of London.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Fact or Fiction About Two Great Fair Awards.

A newspaper paragraph denounces as "false" the claim of a baking powder company to an award at the World's Fair. Whom can it mean?

Certainly not Dr. Price's. Why? Because, as the records show, Dr. Price's exhibited, competed and received the highest award both at Chicago and the California Midwinter Fair. The award in California included Gold Medal. The official examiners pronounced it the strongest, the purest, the most wholesome and efficient of all the baking powders. Its title to confidence is unquestioned.

Can it be the manufacturers of a New York powder, fictitiously labeled "absolutely pure," who are making "false" claims? That would be strange indeed, inasmuch as they were not even considered in the awards.

Was it Ammonia in the New York powder that prevented its makers from competing? If not, what?

A NOVELTY IN STRIPES

A Salvation Army Corps In the California State Prison.

NINE CONVICTS AS EVANGELISTS.

One of Them Is a Murderer, Another Is a Digger Indian, Four Are Long Term Men and All Seem to Be Earnest In Their Work.

Felons all are the nine men who make up the queerest corps of Salvationists in the world—the corps that has the California state prison at San Quentin for its barracks. Nine evangelists in stripes, they pray, preach and sing for the eternal salvation of the 1,200 others of their kind, held, like themselves, in the grip of the law, adjudged guilty of the worst crimes men can commit, deemed too dangerous to be at large.

Nine soul savers whom armed men watch unceasingly by night and day, whose bodies at least are in the enforced service of a state which could endure them no longer as members of the body politic. This one dipped his hands in his neighbor's blood—a murderer; that one, having nothing, broke into the house of the man who had much—a thief; this other went forth at night masked and armed to lurk in the shadows and to kill or cripple and despoil whom he might take unawares—a robber.

And now, wearing the stripes of crime and shame, these nine labor for the good of that very society whose laws they have violated. They are reformed, and they are spreading such light as they have that it may shine through prison bars and grated doors into dark cells and darker souls.

But no amount of piety may ease the bonds that bind the convict. The Salvationist's cell is as tightly barred as any of them.

The deadly dullness of life in prison is not least among its trials, says the San Francisco Chronicle. That is one reason why the Salvation corps is of interest to the convicts—it is a prison novelty. The Salvation Army seeks its recruits anywhere. The lower down in the muck heap the man who is saved, the greater the glory. There is plenty of that sort of material in San Quentin, so the army has long been campaigning there, sending an officer on alternate Sundays to hold meetings among the men in stripes. Some time ago the work began to tell. A prison corps was talked of, and, the warden approving, one was formed. Now it has nine soldiers, with a short termer acting as sergeant, 11 recruits and 18 converts.

Four of the convict Salvationists are long term men, and one of them is in for life. The latter, Frederick Woods, is about 40 years old, and he used to be considered a dangerous prisoner. He was a principal of the Modesto school before the shadow fell on his life. There was a long course of drinking, a game of cards, a quarrel, a shot too well aimed and San Quentin for life. Woods reads much, speaks with an easy, cultured accent, and for all his stripes seems out of place.

SALVATIONISTS IN STRIPES.

Lewis Tucker, the sergeant of the corps, was a drunken, degenerate member of the Salvation Army before he went to San Quentin for an attempted robbery. His term expires on Jan. 23, and then he will go to the Oakland barracks.

Another of the Salvationists is a Digger Indian serving a long term for manslaughter, and another, a half breed, with the Spanish strain predominating in his dark southern face, has a long term to serve for killing the man who stole his wife. Of such are the San Quentin Salvationists.

When the recruiting for the prison corps began, 22 men came forward for enlistment. It was all right until they came to that one of the army's articles of war which puts the ban on tobacco. Thirteen of them withdrew. Reformation was a good thing, but not without tobacco.

The prison corps holds its meetings in the yard during the supper hour. It is the only time they can call their own. Even the cynic must acknowledge that it takes considerable of something, either a motive of great strength or an honest heart, to give up the evening meal for the sake of spiritual food.

The little vesper meetings are not attended by throngs. The animal in the prisoners will not permit that, but the leaders think a regular attendance of 14 is not bad. There are singing and prayer, a regular Salvation meeting without the drum and tambourine.

So far no effort has been made to reach the women convicts by the Salvation women officers. Those 14 unfortunates are not religiously inclined anyway. They see a priest and some Sisters of Mercy occasionally, and a woman from the Woman's Christian Temperance union comes to talk to them once in awhile, but religion has no charm for them. They are sensitive about their position, do not care to see other women, and most of them are convinced that they are unjustly imprisoned. That is the difference in being one of 14 or one of 1,200. There is no fraternity among women convicts. They feel that they are outcasts and are supersensitive. Their quarters are small, and no flowers grow in the yard where they exercise.

Skeptical people may look for ulterior motives in the prison corps. Probably there are motives. The chaplain, whose long experience has inclined him to think that he cannot be deceived by ordinary wiles, says these men are better, happier and wiser, and, he honestly believes, reformed. Those who have graduated as prisoners have done well, and only good reports of them have floated within the walls. The other prison officials, who look more at the outside of the men than the good chaplain, who studies souls through eyes, are not so trustful. It will take much exemplary behavior to convince them that the men are sincere.

Happy Turn of Fortune.

In unexpected turns of the wheel of fortune, elevating the unknown to places of power and dethroning the mighty without warning, France leads the nations, not excepting America, where the grandson of the millionaire may black boots for the grandson of the crossing sweeper. The installation of Mme. Grevy in the Elysee is a happy instance. She was the daughter of a tanner and earned her living in Paris as a bonnet maker. When she married, her whole fortune was less than $500. At her death she leaves something like a quarter of a million to her daughter. She did not invent an ancestry with her promotion nor assume fine airs with her rich gown. Her manners were characterized by simplicity, her accounts were carefully audited to the smallest detail, and she set her face against court etiquette.—Chicago Tribune.

A Passage at Arms.

Some years ago a prisoner was being tried in Baltimore for murder by poison when the following passage at arms occurred between a lawyer and a physician called to give expert testimony. The lawyer asked, "Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?" "The same as lawyers," was the ready reply. "But doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground," added the lawyer. "Yes," said the doctor, "and lawyers' mistakes sometimes swing six feet in the air."—Philadelphia Press.

A DESCENDANT OF GEORGE IV.

He Lives In Portland, Or., and Is Plain James Ord.

One of the most interesting and romantic figures in English history was the beautiful woman who was for many years known as Mrs. Fitzherbert, and who became the wife of George IV when he was Prince of Wales. The marriage was a secret one, and his royal highness discarded her and married Princess Caroline of Brunswick a short time before he ascended the throne.

At the age of 19 the prince met Mrs. Fitzherbert. She was six years older than himself, a Roman Catholic and was the daughter of William Smythe, a Hampshire gentleman. At 19 she had married Mr. Weld of Ludworth castle, one of the same Weld family since well known in America. Mr. Weld died in a few months. His widow afterward married Mr. Fitzherbert of Staffordshire. He died in consequence of overtaxing himself in the cause of law and order during Lord George Gordon's no popery riots in 1780, so graphically described in "Barnaby Rudge." At 25 Mrs. Fitzherbert was a beautiful young widow, rich, courted and admired. Here, in the language of a writer in one of the English magazines, is what followed:

MRS. FITZHERBERT, DISCARDED WIFE OF GEORGE IV.

George, the fat and fair young prince, already wearied of Mrs. Robinson, his poor Perdita, saw the brilliant young beauty. His heart was, as he said, seriously affected. The fair widow divided his affections with the bottle, and he became an assiduous wooer, whom Mrs. Fitzherbert endeavored as assiduously to avoid. Her coyness did but inflame his ardor. But she remained deaf to all entreaty till Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton and Mr. Edward Bouverie arrived one night at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the prince was in imminent danger; that he had stabbed himself, and that only her immediate presence could save him. There probably never was a man so ridiculous when playing the part of a lover as the Prince of Wales. To have himself bled that he might look interesting for a moment in the eyes of some fair lady was no unusual trick with him. On this occasion, however, it was positively declared that he had stabbed himself, and Mrs. Fitzherbert believed it to the day of her death. Meanwhile the four male emissaries of love besought the young widow to hasten and heal the wound. They succeeded in persuading her after much difficulty, and she went to his residence at Carlton house, accompanied by the Duchess of Devonshire. When she reached the prince's bedside, she found him pale and covered with blood. The prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife and let him put a ring on her finger.

She yielded, but the next day grew frightened and repented. A narrative was drawn up of what had passed. Those who had been present signed it as witnesses, and Mrs. Fitzherbert, declaring that she had not been a free agent, fled beyond the seas. The rage and grief of the prince at her desertion drove him to the verge of madness. Mrs. Fitzherbert remained on the continent a year, ever followed by love letters from the prince. At last he assured her the king would connive at their marriage. She returned, and at the port where she landed was married to the prince by a clergyman of the church of England in the presence of several witnesses, among them her cousin and her brother. The certificate of this marriage is in existence in the handwriting of the prince, but Mrs. Fitzherbert afterward cut out the names of the witnesses for fear of bringing them into trouble.

George excused his bigamy by the plea that parliament would not have permitted him to succeed to the throne had it known of his marriage to a Roman Catholic. The immediate cause of his union with Caroline of Brunswick was the pressure of debts which apparently could be discharged in no other way. Mrs. Fitzherbert died in 1837.

And now comes James L. Ord, an American citizen dwelling at Portland, Or., who claims to possess documents proving that he is a lineal descendant of George, prince of Wales, and Mrs. Fitzherbert. The son born of that unfortunate union was a menace to the future king's peace of mind. The upshot was that the son was brought to America, where he died at Omaha at the age of 95 years. He had seven children, one of whom, the youngest male living, is John S. Ord of Santa Cruz, Cal., and whose second son is James L. Ord of Portland, Or. The flight of the son to America is historical, and the documents proving his legitimacy are locked up in Coutts' bank, London, where they were deposited by the Duke of Wellington. Proceedings are now being taken to compel the bank to open the papers to inspection. Young Ord's grandfather on reaching America served in the United States army during the war of 1812 and was denounced by England as a traitor. A sister of the young man is the wife of S. V. Holloday, a prominent San Francisco attorney. James L. Ord, who now resides at Portland, is 24 years of age. He is above the average height, graceful of movement, though of solid proportions.

Died From Ill Temper.

The people of Athol, Mass., are busily discussing what could have been the cause of the death of Carrie Eddy, 13 years old, which occurred recently. It was a case that baffled the skill and care of the town's best physicians. The origin of the trouble seemed to be a fit of ill temper caused by the refusal of her mother to grant her permission to attend an evening's entertainment. The girl refused to speak to her mother, and as time passed the power of speech seemed to leave her, and she commenced to scream and continued to do so in spite of heavy doses of morphine and the efforts of several physicians. A dose of laudanum was finally administered, and the girl sank into a stupor, from which no human power could arouse her.

A Handle For the Resurrection.

It is said that when the body of a Mohammedan is prepared for burial a clasp lock is left on the top of his cranium, whereby the angel of the resurrection can lift him out of the grave.

Letters Five Hundred Years Old.

Ancient specimens of letters are shown in the Hof museum at Vienna. One is dated 1396. It consists of a large sheet of ribbed white paper folded in three. A band of paper was passed round the outside and through a slit in one edge, being then fastened with soft wax. A small piece of thin paper was laid on the wax and the seal pressed on the paper, not directly on the wax. A somewhat similar arrangement is found in a letter of the year 1446, which was written by the town counselor of Munich to the burgomaster of Rastenburg in the Tyrol, in order to obtain information concerning a man accused of bigamy. In the sixteenth century people in the Tyrol and Bavaria used bands of vellum or cords, fastened with wax. Later came separate round and oblong wafers. The use of the encircling band continued in Austria generally to 1750, or thereabout, and probably reached this century among conservative people. The first envelope of the modern type in this collection belongs to the year 1715.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

ELECTRIC WIRES.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Eney, 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a galvanic battery to set him all right. Mr. Eney found that something in the following way: "I suffered," he says, "a long time with neuralgia in the head. I gave St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial, and am entirely cured." In this way the great remedy acts as a motorman to restore broken wires and set the system to perfect action.

They Might Walk Back.

"I went up to the White House recently," said Representative Kilgore, "and of course I had a Texan in tow. 'Mr. President,' I said, 'this gentleman is a good man. He wants a consulate in Mexico.'

"The president said, 'Phew-w-w!'

"'Why do you whistle?' I asked.

"'Because he wants a consulate in Mexico,' said the president. 'You know very well that I dislike to appoint Texans to those positions.'

"'Now, Mr. President,' I said, 'you will excuse my speaking plainly, but this prejudice against men from my state holding federal positions in Mexico is the most confounded nonsense on record. I grant that it might apply to the candidate for minister, for he handles international questions, but a consul is nothing more nor less than a business man. His official acts are almost entirely of a commercial character. Texans are constantly doing business with Mexico. The trade relations of the two countries are very close.'

"'Well,' said the president, 'I didn't make this prejudice, but it exists, and we are compelled to defer to it. Your friend must widen the scope of his application. Let him make out a list of the consulates he would be willing to take, naming them in the order of his preference, and I will see what I can do.'

"It's a singular thing," added the congressman reflectively, "that nearly all of my people who have come to Washington want consulates—they won't have anything else—and they generally apply for places in Mexico, which they can't get. Their anxiety to be located in the sister republic is explicable, I suppose, upon the ground that it is near home, the Rio Grande is shallow, and if they go broke they can walk back."—Washington Letter.

The Expulsion of Jews From Russia.

There surely ought to be sufficient experience of the methods of the Russian government to discount the attempts at denial of the report sent to this country by Mr. Harold Frederic concerning the expulsion of Jews from Poland. These ready denials are familiar phenomena. That is the manner in which Russia seeks to forestall unfavorable comment and righteous indignation.

Curiously enough, the ruse is always successful, nor is it to be wondered at when it can succeed in securing the active assistance of a United States minister like Mr. Smith of the Philadelphia Press, who, under the last administration, sent to the department of state a positive denial that any measures for the expulsion of Jews from Russia were under contemplation, while at the very time he was giving this misrepresentation Jews were being expelled en masse.

The testimony adduced by Mr. Frederick in substantiation of his report in regard to the expulsions now going on in Poland is corroborated by the arrivals of Jews from Poland in Germany and in this country. The bare denials of the press dispatches based on the official utterances from Russian diplomatic circles are utterly untrustworthy.—American Hebrew.

Boiling Water During the Summer.

A medical friend of the Listener writes him to do something to arouse public sentiment betimes to the duty of filtering and boiling drinking water this summer. He thinks that, in view of the possibility of cholera, people should acquire the water boiling habit as soon as possible. No doubt this is quite true. And, cholera or no cholera, there are no end of germs in the ordinary water of Boston and the towns about. It is really extraordinary how our people have kept up so long the practice of drinking water without filtering or boiling it, and still more extraordinary, no doubt, that we should cool our water by putting ice into it, when it can be cooled just as effectively by putting a large bottle of it corked into a refrigerator or otherwise into contact with ice.

A good way out of the difficulty, if one thinks he does not like boiled water, is to drink no water at all. There are plenty of other things to drink. From all accounts, cholera can be taken only through the stomach, and there is nothing so discouraging to a microbe of any sort as a temperature of 212 degrees.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Helpless Ten Weeks

"I was attacked with acute rheumatism and was laid up in the house ten weeks. My right arm was withered away to skin and bone, and I had almost lost the use of it. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and by the time the first bottle was used I was feeling a little better. I could see and feel a great change. The flesh was returning to my arm, and the soreness was leaving my body and limbs. Every spring and fall since we have used three to six bottles in our family. I find to use Hood's Sarsaparilla is cheaper than to pay doctors' bills. I am thankful that I have found a medicine which will help a man who has rheumatism. It keeps me in good health."—RICHARD FORRESTALL, Oelwein, Iowa.

Mr. R. Forrestall

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

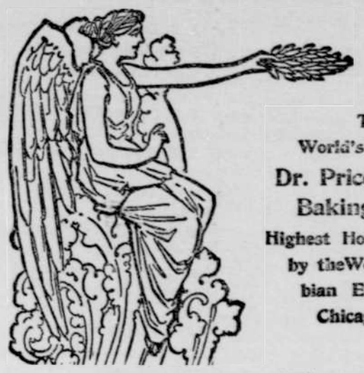
Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST. 25cts., 50cts and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.



The World's Tribute to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Highest Honors Awarded by the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

World's Fair Medal and Diploma awarded to Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

The highest award was given on every claim, comprising superiority in leavening power, keeping properties, purity and excellence. This verdict has been given by the best jury ever assembled for such a purpose, backed by the recommendation of the Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who made an elaborate examination and test of all the baking powders. This is pre-eminently the highest authority on such matters in America.

This verdict conclusively settles the question and proves that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is superior in every way to any other brand.

NOTE.—The Chief Chemist rejected the Alum baking powders, stating to the World's Fair jury that he considered them unwholesome.

Mark Twain to Secretary Morton.

Mark Twain is not only always ready to help a fellow countryman in distress, but his great sympathetic heart grows elastic and stretches out to embrace the country women of other nations whenever the necessity occurs or the occasion arises. But that the great American humorist always has an eye on the main chance is easily recognized in the communication which follows and which is one of the best things he has written:

EDITORIAL DEPT. CENTURY MAGAZINE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, April 7.

To the Hon. J. Sterling Morton:

DEAR SIR—Your petitioner, Mark Twain, a poor farmer of Connecticut—indeed the poorest one there in the opinion of envy—desires a few choice breeds of seed corn (maize), and in return will zealously support the administration in all ways honorable and otherwise.

To speak by the card, I want these things to carry to Italy to an English lady. She is a neighbor of mine outside of Florence and has a great garden and thinks she could raise corn for her table if she had the right ammunition. I myself feel a warm interest in this enterprise, both on patriotic grounds and because I have a key to that garden, which I got made from a wax impression. It is not very good soil; still I think she can raise enough for one table, and I am in a position to select the table. If you are willing to aid and abet a countryman (and Gilder thinks you are), please find the signature and address of your petitioner below. Respectfully and truly yours,

MARK TWAIN, 67 Fifth avenue, New York.

P. S.—A handful of choice (southern) watermelon seeds would pleasantly add to that lady's employments and give my table a corresponding lift.

Secretary Morton complied with the request.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Republic.

A Pullman Porter Taught a Lesson.

For once in my life I saw the "lord of all be surveys," the sleeping car porter, nonplused, and very badly at that. It was on the Houston and Texas Central railroad. When at the little town of Richardson on the upper end of the line, two ladies boarded the train and by some mistake were ushered into the Pullman car. My lord in the brass buttons sallied up to them, and finding out the mistake that led to their being in that car instead of the day coach began to show off his majestic powers of insolence. He did not observe a gentleman who had boarded the train at the same station, and who stood quietly observing the scene from the door of the car. This gentleman now advanced, saying, "Be seated, ladies, until we reach the next town, when you can easily enter the other car." Then, beckoning to the conductor, he added, "Stop the train, L——." "Here, captain?" asked the conductor. "Yes; here."

There was a pull of the bellrope, the train stopped, and the porter was gently assisted out of the car, thence on to the bald prairie, when the captain said to him, "Now, walk the 15 miles to Dallas, you delicate blossom, and study politeness as you trudge along; you are no longer in our employ." There was a shower of expostulations, pleas for pardon and a shake or two of the fist at the fast vanishing train, but it vanished for all that, leaving him to study 15 pages, each a mile long, in a book entitled "Never Judge by Appearances." The gentleman who had set him the lesson was Captain F., a high official of the road.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Athens Returning to Classical Greek.

"I once had a chat with the late Professor Sophocles, the famous native Greek professor of Harvard, on the subject of the pronunciation of our language as taught in America," said the Greek consul, Mr. D. T. Timayensis, recently. "I asked him why he taught a pronunciation which he knew was not right.

"'It doesn't make any difference what pronunciation we teach,' he replied, 'because these boys will never know anything anyway.

"The Germans have been the most conscientious and thorough students of the ancient Greek language," continued the consul. "It is but fair to say, however, that a very learned Greek lady, who has been in this country studying your institutions, says that she found a class of girls in Wellesley college who were better versed in Greek classics than the girls in our own schools in Athens. I should say they must be very good, then, for a great revival in Greek classical study has taken place within a few years. The spoken language is conforming more and more closely to classical standards. Foreign words that have crept into the language are being cast aside. I noticed the increased purity of the language when I returned to Greece and met some of my university classmates. They were following the classical Greek so closely that I thought at first it was a joke or an affectation, but I soon saw that the 'set' were all talking that way."—Boston Herald.

The Cat Problem In New York.

The cat problem has been always a serious one to the municipality of New York. As the city has grown the cats have increased and taken on a cosmopolitan and bohemian air from the felines that chant the Marseillaise and intermezzo around Washington square and Wooster street to the aristocratic pets of upper Fifth avenue. How to control the natural increase and the immigration has vexed the city grievously. Happily the good Mrs. English, who died the other day, has given a valuable suggestion. She set aside by will a certain amount for the future maintenance of her cats in Williamsburg.

People in Williamsburg like cats, and there is no reason why cats should not, after the first pangs, be contented in Williamsburg. Of course it is not New York, and there is always the annoyance of ferries to contend against, and the east side is a little malarial at times. But even a treacherous climate will not knock off more than two of a cat's nine lives. Really Mrs. English's idea is a good one, and a deportation of cats to Williamsburg may be recommended for trial.—New York World.

TO AID EMPLOYES.

A New Scheme of the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company—Will Furnish Their Help With Medical Attendance.

William L. Douglas, the President of the world-famed W. L. Douglas shoe Company, has always had a great personal interest in the army of men and women who inhabit the great factory at Montello during the working hours of the day, and who make the greatly advertised $3 shoe.

Every person in his employ—and they form a small army—has recently been handed a card, a facsimile of which is here given:

This ticket entitles.....
Residence.....
to full and free medical attendance while employed by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Company. A competent and skillful physician will be at the private office of the company at 12 M. daily, except Sundays and holidays.

If sick employe should be detained at home by sickness, the physician will give full and free medical attendance there.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY,
By *W. L. Douglas*,
President.

.....Room.

CONDITIONS.

The physician will not make visits outside the city limits. This ticket is not transferable, and does not apply to the family of the employe, and must be returned as soon as the term of employment ceases. This privilege is a free gift of the company, and is no part of the contract for wages, and may be made void by the company, at its own option, without notice.

Mr. Douglas says that he believes there are hundreds of workingmen and workingwomen who find a deep burden of sickness, and that if this is lifted from them they must feel that their employer is interested in them in some other way than simply to get all the work he can for just as little money as he can.

The plan is a wise and good one.

Speaking of the W. L. Douglas shoe Company, it may be said that their factory is the only one in the city of Brockton where the principle of arbitration is recognized and has full sway. Mr. Douglas is a firm believer in the principle, and has been since the establishment of the state Board of Arbitration. He claims that labor troubles would not be as frequent as they are if manufacturers and help would recognize this great principle and adopt it.

"Dad, I'm awaitin' for a Christmas present." "All right, take a bale o' cotton an' go an' buy you a tin horn!"

BEFORE A FULL HEAD OF STEAM

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the baneful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits and other influences prejudicial to health it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh-wasting diseases.

"John, were all those—those living pictures—er—nude?" "I—I think one of them had a cold on her lungs, Maria."

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