

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

# Poys Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE

### SPRY AT SIXTY.

#### THE REMARKABLE VITALITY OF AN AGED CALIFORNIAN.

##### Stands Today Unscathed by Disease—How He Conquered Rheumatism—A Story Full of Interest.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

There is at least one happy man in San Francisco today, one man who can enjoy, despite the fact that he is sixty years of age and of corpulent build, the full and free use of all the powers of mind and body.

James Keenan is a prominent liquor dealer at 236 Brannan street, and it is he who is now lauding those who have restored him from a bed of pain to his former youthful activity. Mr. Keenan had, to within a year ago, been blessed with the enjoyment of almost perfect health.

It was a year ago that Mr. Keenan first suffered the hand of disease to take hold upon him. At that time he was stricken down by an aggravated attack of rheumatism, which robbed him of the use of his lower limbs and left him on his couch, a helpless victim of the dread disease, and all the time he suffered intense pain in the affected portions of his body. He could not move himself upon his bed, and all that he ate had to be fed to him by those in attendance. He had about the spirit of ever gaining release from the clutches of the frightful disease when one morning his attention was drawn to an advertisement in a morning paper, of a remedy for rheumatism.

The story of what succeeded this causal glance at a medicine advertisement can best be told in the words of Mr. Keenan himself, who, when asked for an explanation of his seemingly miraculous cure, gave the following account: "It seemed to me that after all the weeks of terrible suffering that I had endured there could not possibly be a relief. I had no faith in patent medicines, and when I saw in a paper the advertisement of Williams' Pink Pills, I was induced to try them only in sheer desperation. I did not feel any relief until I began taking the second box of the pills, but then the pain began gradually to leave me, my appetite became better, and I could sleep soundly throughout the night without experiencing any of the jolting pains that had before kept me awake, or that had to take the pills and it was only a short time until the rheumatism had entirely left my hands, and I had so far recovered the use of my legs as to be able to walk about the house without assistance. In about two weeks more I was entirely free from the disease, but I took two more boxes of the pills as a precaution against a return of the rheumatism. From the time that the last trace of the disease left me, I have not felt the least sign of its return, and I can truthfully say that I now enjoy as free use of my limbs as ever I did before the rheumatism attacked me.

"I have taken the pains to recommend Williams' Pink Pills to a number of my friends who are suffering from rheumatism. I think I know of no other remedy that will afford such quick and permanent relief from rheumatism as do Williams' Pink Pills, and I only hope that many others may be brought to see and feel the curative powers that the pills possess."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as supple, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes of six for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or sent by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"Indeed I do."

"He wasn't the first."

They were engaged. That was apparent from their actions. They were together all the time, and he tried to anticipate her every wish. They wandered about the beach together, and they sat out on the porch in the moonlight, earnestly talking about nothing.

Moreover, he could play the flute, and they would occasionally steal away from the crowd around the hotel, and he would entertain her with solos.

She was more worldly than she looked, and one night some of the other guests overheard a conversation that was unique, but not intended for their ears.

"Shall I get my flute?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Do you like to hear it?" he inquired, fishing for a compliment.

"What shall I play this time?"

"Anything you wish."

"Well, after a few minutes spent in thought, 'don't you think the 'First Kiss' waltz would be very appropriate?"

He wished to be very complimentary, but somehow he seemed to have made a mistake.

"No, I don't," she replied shortly.

"Why not?"

"You're about three years too late."

—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Was Particular.

In a hotel not over 1,000 miles from Indianapolis there is a clerk who is very strict with the employees who come under his orders and rules the bellboys and porters with an iron hand. The employees have come to understand his ways, and it is needless to remark that his orders are usually obeyed with alacrity.

The boy he hated, and he hated him during the winter. The clerk had a habit of dispatching a boy after a bucket of coal and saying in a peremptory manner, "Jimmy, go out and get a bucket of coal; bring it in and set it down."

One cold day last winter he called one of the boys up to his desk and said, "Charlie, go and get a bucket of coal."

In a few minutes the boy came lugging it in. He walked up to the stove and stood there without placing the scuttle on the floor. The clerk looked at him fiercely and exclaimed:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

The boy hesitated, then looking at the clerk apologetically, said, "Please, sir, shall I—set it down?"

—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A "Bicycle Face."

Brooklyn Life.

## FORTY NOT TOO LATE

### YOU MAY WIN RICHES AT LAST IF YOU WORK HARD.

But You Must Have Accumulated Experience, Learned Wisdom, the Possession of Good Sense, a Sound and Vigorous Body and a Clear Head.

Russell Sage is one of the very few very rich men of the present age whose fortunes were well started while the builders were yet on the sunny side of 40. This may seem a strange statement, but it's a true one, and, remembering its verity, no one has cause to feel dissatisfied.

James Gordon Bennett, the founder of the New York Herald, was between 30 and 40 when he started his paper, but it was years after that when he became rich. His life down to the day the first number of his little penny sheet was issued had been a succession of reverses. He had worked with feverishness that knew no discouragement for wages a third class clerk of today would turn up his nose at, and he had saved every cent he possibly could. In 1832 he left the New York Courier, on which he had been employed for some time, and, full of hope, started the New York Globe, but this venture failed, and for the same reason that Dana's Chicago paper failed, some thirty odd years later.

There are four other fortunes besides Sage's that stand out prominently in America because of their size and the fact that each was made great almost beyond the possibility of dissipation by the efforts of one man. These fortunes were made by Jay Gould, Commodore Vanderbilt, John Jacob Astor and John D. Rockefeller. Only the last named of these men is now alive. He was 40 when he started, but he was not rich beyond peradventure, since, although his operations before that time had been on a large scale, he was yet liable to miss fire and go to the bottom of the financial sea at any time previous to his fortieth birthday. His position, moreover, was that of a man who, in order to win, must have faith in himself and his opinion. In faith he was not found wanting. He believed that the supply of petroleum was practically inexhaustible, and he went ahead on that basis. His companions in business sometimes differed with him, but, encouraged by his example, they all continued, and the result has been the upbuilding of a remarkable group of Standard Oil fortunes, of which John D. Rockefeller's is the greatest, and some say the greatest in the whole world. Jay Gould got rich Vanderbilt and Astor got rich near 50, but the founders of both the Vanderbilt and Astor fortunes were near 40 before they had got enough together to be able to consider themselves really rich, and the same may be said of many lesser financial lights, less than those above mentioned, but yet sufficiently well to do to be spoken of as wealthy by all the rest of us.

Samuel J. Tilden had made something of a name for himself before he was 40 and had become known to some extent in politics, but he did not begin that devotion to the legal profession which won for him great wealth till afterward. Henry Villard, who has been poor and rich and poor and rich again, was 41 when, in 1874, he began his operations in Oregon railroads, but nine years later he counted \$5,000,000 as his own. His subsequent financial fall is well remembered, and so is his rise again. Webster Wagner, whose sleeping and drawing room cars go wherever go the Vanderbilt lines of rail, was a nation agent at a small place on the New York Central when his fortieth birthday came, in 1857, and he so remained.

THE ORGAN.

Its Peculiar Fitness For the Form of Composition Known as the Fugue.

The organ as it existed in Bach's day, and as in essential elements it exists now, is an instrument peculiarly suggestive in regard to the realization of the finest and most complete effects of harmony, modulation and of that simultaneous progression of melodies in polyphonic combination which is most completely illustrated in the form of composition known as the fugue. It is so for two or three reasons. In the first place it is the only instrument in which the sounds are the same in the same intensity for any required length of time after they are first emitted. However long a note may have to be sustained, its full value is there till the moment the finger quits the key, a quality which is invaluable when we are dealing with long suspensions and chains of sound. Secondly, the organ has the advantage of the fact that the notes, leaving the left hand and the right hand, pass within the grasp of a single player a full and extended harmony and a freedom in manipulation such as no other instrument affords. Thirdly, and in the case especially of fugue compositions, the immense volume and power of the pedal notes part a grandeur to the fugue which no other medium for producing music can give us. In the time of Bach this splendid source of musical effect was confined to the great organs of Germany.

Modern organs of the day had in general no pedal board, and it is probably owing to this fact that anything like Handel's published organ music is so light, and even ephemeral in style as compared with Bach's; that he treated the organ, as Spitta truly observes, merely like a larger and more powerful harpsichord. Without the aid of the pedal it would be rather difficult of the day in any respect a much lighter and thinner affair than the "huge house of the sounds," the thunder of which was stored in the organ gallery of many a Lutheran church.—Fortnightly Review.

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The First Schuyler Mansion. The foundation of the large fireplace and chimney of the first Schuyler mansion, at Schuylerville, Saratoga county, burned by Indians about 1745, have been unearthed by the state boat crew. The mansion burned by the British 82 years later. The site should have a memorial tablet.—Troy Times.

Plans of Paris Exhibition. The Paris exhibition of 1900 is to cost more and to contain a larger area of buildings than the Chicago World's Fair. Part of the scheme for laying out the grounds consists in the demolition of the Palais de l'Industrie and the conversion of a part of it to exhibition purposes. An avenue will be built to connect the Champs Elysees with the Esplanade des Invalides.

## AMATEUR SHERLOCK.

### LEAVES FROM HIS NOTEBOOK ON SIGN PICTURES OF BURGLARS.

What Chalk Marks on the Front Stoop of Gate May Mean to the Other Hand. They May Be Only the Scraps of Miscellaneous Bits Which Mean Nothing.

The amateur Sherlock Holmes has added another chapter to his little notebook which records the significance of the marks of the criminal classes. Spots of ink, cigar ashes, marks on the finger and the particles of dust in the folds of an umbrella are all eloquent to this observant seeker after truth as revealing people many occurrences in which a whole literature on the color and consistency and the various degrees of atmospheric moisture under which they will be reduced to a fluid state, while footprints and matches as characteristic signs of restaurants and localities are now it appears, by what the amateur Sherlock Holmes has been revealing in a moment of confidence, that the dead walls of New York, stoops of houses, basement entrances and area gateways are the signposts of the criminal classes, and that what look like the rude scrawlings of boys are in reality the secret symbols by which burglars communicate with each other.

Chalk marks under the edge of one of your front steps may mean that your house has been spotted and will be broken into on a certain date. A rude drawing of the area railings may be the signal to the burglar that the house is lighted up at night, and that he may enter under his pillow, but the silver in the butler's pantry on the first floor, and the house may be entered through the second basement window, where the late "broken."

The sign which has developed in this language to such a high degree of perfection shows considerable ingenuity in its design, but no attempt is made at accuracy of drawing, as that would attract attention. The sign pictures of the burglars are made to look as much like the rule scrawls of schoolboys as possible.