

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

# Gold Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A QUEER FOSTER FATHER.

Pat Old Bob, the Water Spaniel Who Protects a Brood of Chicks.

Enough good dog stories are told every week to fill a volume as big as your family Bible.

Just the same all the world loves a really clever dog. This story is about a dog that is neither clever nor brave nor handsome, and his name is Bob—plain Bob, and nothing else. Bob lives out near Warwick, Mo. He is a water spaniel, and one of the fattest dogs in the west. He is not a heavy eater, but he is so very good natured that he gets fat on nothing but a clear conscience and an even temper.

At Bob's home are many chickens and they all look up to Bob as their foster father. A queer friend for a chicken is a big, fat water spaniel, but the chick-



ens don't care what or who he is, he is just Bob to them. There is a brood of motherless chicks who are seldom away from him if they can help it. When he lies down, they climb upon his back, which is so broad as to resemble the big, flat pad on the back of a circus horse. They crawl upon his head and peck at his ears. He does not shake them off, however, as most dogs would. When Bob walks around the yard, the little chicks hang on for all they are worth, and when he lies down they all nestle in near his paws. In this position dog and chicks remain motionless for hours at a time. The motherless little brood of chicks are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not yet any idea, it seems, of deserting their queer foster father.

A new brood of younger chicks have come into the yard within a few days, and they, too, are learning to climb up on Bob's woolly back, and to peck at his tongue and nose, all of which seems to tickle the old fellow very much. It is astonishing to see how careful Bob is when his little adopted children are taking an afternoon ride on his back. The little chicks are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not yet any idea, it seems, of deserting their queer foster father.

The Northwest Magazine gives the following unique composition written by a 12-year-old schoolgirl. Let our young readers see if they cannot make it still more puzzling:

"A right suited little boy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round neck, fine up the road as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at the horse and wrung the bells. His tow hard hymn and he knickered vest. He was two tired to raise his face, pall face, and a faint mound of pane see from his lips. The mule who heard the bells was about to pair a pair, but he through it down and ran with all her might, for fare her guessed would not weigh, but when she saw the little wiper stood in her eyes as the little 'Ewe poor dear. Why do you lay hear? Are you dying?' Know, 'he said, 'I am faint.' She bear him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bread and meat, held a cent bottle under his knees, and gave his cholera, 'apped him up warmly, and held a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as still as a young horse."

The Ideal of Her Heart.



I've got a whole menagerie And a big, fat lot of toys. I've got a little rubber dog That squeaks and makes a noise. I've got a little wooden horse And a little wooden cart. But my dear old bested dolly Is the ideal of my heart.

A Boyish Boy King.

Not long ago, when on his horse, the little king of Spain sat some of his own size and struggled to get away and go to them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why may I not go and play with them, nurse?"

"Because—because you are a little king," said the nurse.

"Then if you please, nurse, I would rather be a little boy," was the king's reply.—St. Paul's.

Women on Police Forces.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw of Boston, who spoke at the woman's congress in San Francisco recently, favored having women on the police forces of large cities.

## KEPT ALIVE BY OXYGEN.

Millionaire Reichling Paid \$2,100 For His Last Week on Earth.

Three hundred dollars a day for breath was what Francis Reichling, the millionaire mine owner, paid for the last seven days he lived.

It was by the administration of oxygen gas that Mr. Reichling was given a brief lease of life, and while this treatment is not absolutely new in theory, no effort to test it in practice so far as Reichling has heretofore been made.

Through the agency of Dr. Reichling's beautiful home at Piedmont runs a little mountain stream. While at work in its vicinity the millionaire contracted malaria. Congestion of the brain and pneumonia followed, and in their wake came the disease of the heart.

Half of the sick man's lungs became closed, and it was apparent that death must soon follow from the lack of breath.

The dying man begged his physician to at least keep him alive until his son, traveling in Mexico, could reach him. There was but one hope—giving the patient the supply of artificial air by means of oxygen. This plan was at once adopted. The doctor procured a tank containing 100 gallons of oxygen. Attached to this was a rubber tube with a mouthpiece. There were two stopcocks—one at the mouth of the tube, the other at the point where the tube joined the tank.

Whenever it became evident that Mr. Reichling was suffering from a want of breath he was required to inhale gas from the tank. The oxygen produced the same effect upon the blood and body as that resulting from ordinary breathing, and immediate relief followed the inhalation. The entire contents of the tank was consumed by the patient the first night—Saturday. On Sunday he absorbed 500 gallons, and the effect was visible on Monday in the manifest improvement of his condition. On that day the patient inhaled 800 gallons of oxygen.

It was evident that the treatment was greatly reducing the pneumonia and relieving the heart trouble. On Tuesday the amount of oxygen absorbed was reduced to 600 gallons. On Wednesday 400 gallons were inhaled, and on Thursday only 300 gallons were administered. The following day the allowance was 200 gallons. On Friday night, however, there came a great change for the worse. Paralysis, followed by apoplexy, was added to the other ills from which the patient suffered. Three hundred gallons of oxygen was inhaled on Saturday, but proved of no avail. The pneumonia and valvular heart trouble had been conquered by the administration of the oxygen, but Mr. Reichling's enfeebled system was unable to withstand the strain, and death brought freedom from pain on Saturday night.

The wish of the patient's heart had been gratified, however, as the son for whose presence he lingered arrived the Tuesday before his death. Mr. Reichling had recognized the value of the young man, although unable to speak to him.

While tank oxygen is frequently used to restore vitality, medical records show that it is expensive to keep death at a distance by a fee of \$300 a day.—San Francisco Examiner.

## THE HEALDSBURG GIANTS.

Young Church Is Over Seven Feet in Height and Still Growing.

California lays claim to a number of unusually tall people within her borders. The subject of this picture is only 17 years of age, but is over seven feet in height, and still growing. At the rate he is now shooting up into the air it looks as if the ancient giant will look like a mere boy in comparison.

His name is John Wiley Church and his exact height is just seven feet and a quarter of an inch. Though John has already gained fame as a giant in Half Moon Bay, his native town, and more recently in Healdsburg, his present residence, none of the other members of his family have ever attracted any attention to their stature, for the reason that they are of men are bigger than ordinary individuals. His height is not over the average height, so John cannot comprehend why he is so tall. In fact, he is half ashamed of the honor, and has allowed himself to become round shouldered in an effort to appear as small as the rest of the family. It is not until his dignity asserts itself, and he straightens out that one realized how diminutive they are beside him. The man standing under his arm was proud of his six feet of stature until he met John. He is not very stout, but then that may be accounted for by the fact

that he works hard every day, peddling fruit around the interior towns. His wonderful height never fails to attract attention and John has never had to complain of his sales.

At a kindergarten in Mount Vernon during the Thanksgiving exercises, the question was asked: "What was the name of the vessel which brought the Pilgrims to this country?" One little boy, 4 years old, promptly raised his hand and replied: "I know! It was the Defender!"—New York Tribune.

"Riggins is a fine fellow," remarked the promiscuous eulogizer. "I believe he would share his last dollar with a friend." "Well," replied the chronic debtor, "maybe he would. I guess I have never been so fortunate as to run across him when he was down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

## THE OLD FRIENDS.

The old friends, the old friends We loved when we were young. With sunshine on their faces And music on their tongues! The bees are in the almond flower, The birds renew their strains, But the old friends, once lost to us, Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends They know us lined with care; They're far away in the faded cheek And silver in the hair. But to them they are old friends still, In youth and bloom the same As when we drove the flying ball Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men, How slow they creep along! How naughtily we scoffed at them In days when we were young! Their grating and their creaking, Their sprate of times gone by, Their shiver like an open leaf But a breath away.

But we, we are the old men now, Our blood is faint and chill; We know the night might brook Or climb the broken stair, We wander down the shortest cuts, We rest on sticks or stiles, And when the youth we shamed to laugh Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young men, Their strength is fair to see— The straight back and the springy stride, The eye as false as free. The shout above the frolic wind As up the hill they go, But though so big as we are now They soon shall be as low.

Oh, weary, weary drag the years As life draws near the end, And finally, sadly, sadly pass As for loss of love and friend. So here's not doubt there's good about In all of human kind, And so here's a health before we go To those who leave behind.

—Spectator.

## THE ICONOCLAST.

Young Mr. Broughton was, unwares and gradually, but he had various theories and gradations, in the newspaper man. It took all sorts of riles and surprises and faces and dissolutions to form him. That morning he was hurrying through Printing House square on an assignment, when he noticed before him a woman carrying on her head a tray of plaster images and walking with the stately gait and even pose of the south Italian. She was small, brown, she wore a gown of blue cotton, a woolen shawl, plaid in olive and yellow, and a red kerchief on her head. These glaring colors, however, made her a picture. To observe her Broughton passed by her and then looked back.

She regarded him calmly. "Buy a lit' San Samuele says-a his oration, signor?"

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## THE CHILD PICKED UP THE COIN AND STARED IN SILENCE.

"Say, kid, is dere a dago here?" one of the policemen translated.

The boy pointed with a thumb to a door at the left of the landing where the three men stood. Broughton felt the thrill of the righteous avenger. The malicious brute who had twice destroyed the wages of the poor little image vendor would soon be sent to the island. And a good riddance for the community. One of the police opened the door, and they entered. They saw at one side of the room a long work bench, covered with plaster images. The iconoclast sat there, carefully mending a broken figure. The woman was leaning over his shoulder, laughing as they chatted in their own language.

"Eh, I always say it, Pietro, you have a holy hand at mending them! If not, you might lose by the game."

"I'm not sure, Master," said Samuel, "but I'm sure, but at least he will stick until he takes another tumble."

So that was their trick! A piece of real Neapolitan cunning. Broughton decided that he ought to be seen through it sooner. The woman caught sight of the visitors, and ran forward with hands clasped: "We ain't done-a noddin', we all pleaded. 'Dis our beez-a nothin'. We all a-right-a."

"Yes, you're all right," said Broughton, "but I'm not sure. I owe you a dollar for it." And he laid a silver dollar on the work bench of the maker, breaker and mender of images. The Italian looked up with a real Neapolitan smile, radiant, many toothed, wide and irresponsible.

"The man about it," said the reporter. "You not give-a me 'way, gen'tlemen coppers?"

"No. Go on."

"Look, it like-a dis. We not sell image. And I say, you hear-a me, Marianna, we get more money to break all! Grand-a force-a. Patra-! All run-a! A-a-a-a-a! Dat, Marianna. A-sh, poor! Dat people! Somebody take-a money in hand. Don't-a cry, poor woman! After, I mend-a what-a can. After, I, Marianna, babies, all eat. See?"

Indeed Broughton has never formulated his views upon the case, although he observes her Broughton passed by her and then looked back.

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## YOUNG NOBILITY.

Bertons Who Will Come Into Great Titles When of Age.

Coming of age means a good deal more to a young Englishman of wealth than to an American. The latter receives the right to vote, but that is all; his British cousin comes into the inheritance of his estates, including castles with romantic histories, of a long line of ancestors, many of whom have distinguished themselves, and a seat is his in the famous and powerful house of lords. In his honor a fete is usually held or a ball is given; he receives the congratulations of his friends and his tenants, and there is a kind of

general holiday in the district when the young earl or duke or lord comes of age.

There are a number of honors now in line, growing up to their titles. The youngest of all is the little duke of Leinster, Maurice Fitzgerald, the fifth in line and the premier duke, marquis and earl of Ireland. He was born in March, 1887, and is therefore but 8 years old. He succeeded his father in 1893. It is a very old house that he has the honor to represent. The FitzGeralds came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and in 1200 the barony of Offaly and in 1316 the earldom of Kildare were conferred upon them, which the present boy still retains.

The duke of Albany was born in 1884 and comes of age in 1905. His dukedom came into existence in 1308 for

the second son of Robert II., of Scotland, and expired on the death of the second son of George III., of England. Queen Victoria revived it in 1881 for her son, Prince Leopold, who died before the birth of his son, now being educated in a school near Lyndhurst.

In this picture he appears in the uniform of a famous regiment, which bears his name, and is also called the Seaforth Highlanders and the Rossshire Buffs.

Returning to Old Customs.

California has gone back to mule teams for the transportation of freight just as in the old days before railroads were built. A regular line of big wagons, with six-mule teams, has just been started, and it will connect at Stockton with steamers to and from San Francisco. The line has been started in opposition to the Southern Pacific railway, with the object of forcing down the rates. The experiment was made once before and successfully. The mule teams, in connection with the steamers, can carry sugar, for instance, from San Francisco to Fresno for \$3 a ton less than the railway charges, and it is believed that a similar saving can be made on other freight. The merchants in the valley towns are interested in the project, and say that it is an even thing for their interests whether the railroad cuts down its rates or their freight is in future hauled by mule teams.

The French Capture of Malta.

Yes, it was a sanguine expedition which, all unconsciously of its danger, sailed away for Malta. The geographical situation of that island makes it in proper hands the citadel of the Mediterranean, the bulwark of Christendom against heathendom. But the military monks to whom it had been intrusted had grown corrupt and licentious. French agents had already been among them, and such was their timidity at the approach of Bonaparte that after the mere show of resistance to his demands the gates of an almost impregnable fortress were dishonorably opened to the French republic without a blow. Waiting only to garrison this easy conquest and to establish a French administration, Bonaparte hastened on, and the entire fleet in good condition anchored off Alexandria on June 30. With a few casualties the troops were landed, and the vessels were left to cruise along the shore and to destroy the English when they should appear.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Waterproofing.

To make materials waterproof, mix together one pound of sugar of lead, one pound of alum, powdered separately, and pour over it 2 quarts of boiling water. Let stand for six hours and bottle for use. It should be applied with a sponge or soft brush until the material is thoroughly wet. It should then be ironed and hung up to dry.

Remember Your Dentist.

No one who aims to be even negatively agreeable in person can afford to neglect his teeth. A semiannual visit to the dentist, whether he seems to need his attention or not, will save a woman money and spare her much pain. On her teeth is table should be a spoon of dental floss, some toothpicks, a bottle of listerine, tooth powder and a fairly hard toothbrush. The listerine is an antiseptic which renders it invaluable as a tooth wash. Three times a day is not too often for a woman to use it.

According to the census reports of 1890, the number of acres planted in Indian corn was 72,087,792, and the yield of the same year being 9,129,927,547 bushels.

## AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 18th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

From the Ashabula, Ohio, Beacon.] Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 18th regiment N. Y. V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service.

Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhoea from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Landanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O.; but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffman, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box.

"As a drowning man grasps at a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pill I commenced to feel better, and in a few days the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been a faithful helper these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend to too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world should know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

She saw a mouse but did not swerve. Although it was a dead mouse, she had to make a show of her courage. It was a female doctor.

THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

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Remember Your Dentist.

No one who aims to be even negatively agreeable in person can afford to neglect his teeth. A semiannual visit to the dentist, whether he seems to need his attention or not, will save a woman money and spare her much pain. On her teeth is table should be a spoon of dental floss, some toothpicks, a bottle of listerine, tooth powder and a fairly hard toothbrush. The listerine is an antiseptic which renders it invaluable as a tooth wash. Three times a day is not too often for a woman to use it.

According to the census reports of 1890, the number of acres planted in Indian corn was 72,087,792, and the yield of the same year being 9,129,927,547 bushels.

## VERY RICH INDEED.

In the elements that supply the human system with bone, muscle and brain substance is a richly