

None But Royal

BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

The Baking Powders now being offered in this vicinity, with the statement that they are "as good as Royal," have been shown by the official analyses to be composed of alum and detrimental to health.

The official chemists of the United States and Canada, State analysts, municipal boards of health, and physicians indorse the great qualities of the Royal Baking Powder.

Pussy Turned on the Faucet.

One of our citizens a few mornings ago on getting up to start the morning fire—his wife not yet having fallen into the custom of doing it—was surprised to hear the sound of running water in the cellar. On investigating he found a faucet near the floor partially opened, and it was plain that the house cat, a very knowing animal, had turned it to get a drink, and then having exhausted her stock of knowledge, or not caring to go into the spattering area to shut it off, had left the stream flowing. Pussy sat on a barrel out of harm's way in case the cellar should be flooded before daylight, and blinked her bright eyes, as much as to say: "I know how it all happened, but am not going to tell."—Old Colony Memorial.

Sportive Lambs.

A flock of ewes and lambs were once observed in adjoining fields, separated by a fence with several gaps in it. "Follow my leader" was the game most in favor with this flock, the biggest lamb leading around the field and then jumping the gap, with all the others following in single file. Any lamb that took the leap unusually well would give two or three more enthusiastic jumps out of sheer exuberant happiness when it reached the other side. Fawns played a sort of cross touch from one side to the other, the "touch" in each case being by the nose.—London Tit-Bits.

The Colors of Amber.

Amber has a wonderful variety of colors. Some of it is as clear as crystal, some as yellow as honey, some light blue and again a transparent green. Then it is found as white as snow, the color of cream, and often many of these tints are blended in one piece. There is a popular notion to the effect that amber has curative qualities for such ailments as croup and sore throat, and many thousand necklaces of it are worn annually for that purpose.—Interview in Washington Star.

Don't give up and say there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in head since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. I have been troubled with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as fine as I ever had, and I can see as well as fine a needle as ever I did. My sense of smell seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Kendall, Perry county, O.

Apply Balm to each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

ELLY BROTHERS,
56 Warren Street, New York.

JUST A LITTLE

pain neglected, may become RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

Just a little SPRAIN may make a cripple.

Just a little BRUISE may make serious inflammation.

Just a little BURN may make an ugly scar.

Just a little COST will get a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL, A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

Years of Comfort against Years of Pain for JUST A LITTLE.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of small sum of stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Your druggist does not spread his plasters or gelatin-coat his pills. He knows that such work is better done in a factory.

Some try to make an Emulsion of cod-liver oil; but they cannot make one like Scott's Emulsion—they'll find it out some day.

There is no secret in what it is made of; there is a knack in making it. That knack is Scott's Emulsion.

There is a book on CAREFUL LIVING that you ought to read. Shall we send it? Free.

Scott's Emulsion, 124 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

23 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHOLE ALL LIFE TAKES. Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. In Use. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

WHEN TIME IS DONE.

Now and again, amid the thronging street, as he passed through the daily round we go, pulses to uncounted measures beat. To some face of light, seen and then lost to sight. Wherever we pause, "How fair a soul to know!"

Now and again, in quiet peaceful hours, some precious page will steal our hearts away. The while we read we feel life's dormant powers. "To touch that robe of white, Live in that presence bright, Why dwell we not in that sweet saint?" we say.

Now and again the patient waiting faces of aged folk whose days are nearly run, gentle maids, children's tender faces, bring manifold joy like pain. Could these with yearning, How different were life beneath our sun!

Once and forever, from beyond the sun, Shall come the light to show our longing hearts. Their never found, their loved and lost, each one. And that great promise give That all on earth who live Shall love and know when time is done.—W. Henry Winslow in Youth's Companion.

A PLAINT FROM PICARDY

A midwinter night, and bitter, bitter cold. Not so much snow, but a wind which had an arctic anger in it. It stung the face like vitriol, and froze the blood and almost made a fellow cry out, as if he were in pain like me.

Three of us, just common newspaper reporters, were scurrying through Mail street, half running, to get to a warm place. We had been at work up town, trying to find certain facts about a man who had been mysteriously murdered in the Tendonier precinct—Johnny Spelman, the jockey.

Well, the City Hall park was bleak enough. The wind shrieked across it, and the hall, with its old white marble steps, stood over yonder, pallid, ghastly. Not a human being in sight. Nobody would stay out of doors such a night as this. The lights in the tall buildings in Park row and in the low entrance to Little Rock's ever blessed old cellar coffee house were happy, cheery beams.

It was late, well on toward midnight. That made us hurry all the more. Even Uncle Sam's fagged out old horses and wagons which forever wait in the Mail street alley behind that grim stone coping, where big bags of mail matter for all parts of the world are piled up, had disappeared out of the cold. There was no sound of the mail clerk's voice calling off the bags.

We reached the middle of the Mail street block. We were on the north side of the street. I ran in the rear of the procession. Out of the shadows of the park came a man. In a voice which upon that night was the most pitiless sound I ever heard, he cried, stretching out one hand in a suppliant way: "Parlez vous francais, monsieur?"

It was a strange, courteous question to come waving amid the howling of a storm. I turned and then stopped. Then in honest amazement and pity said, "My god! yes." I had learned some French in my school, but I had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier, and fulfilled the dubious linguistic requirements of a New York society. I had a deep seated love for the French people and a deal of fondness for the French tongue.

There in that wretched night, when I heard that question that the French peasants—simple, sturdy folk—telling of in far Provence. I saw the Breton fisher, singing as he patted his nets on the shore of the dear old sea. I saw a Paris and the sweet valley of the Loire. And here alone, clad thinly, was a son of that France, a stranger in a great, selfish city, in a great, strange and selfish land, upon a night when no mortal ought to have been out of doors.

He was just asking—I learned it in my first lesson—just asking for some one to give him a helping hand—a syllable of direction. The two other reporters went peeping along. I looked at the wanderer. A man of forty, maybe, old, to begin life anew. He was above medium height, a little stooped in the shoulders, on account of the cold perhaps. He was overcasted, bareheaded, and carried a small bag, a knapsack. Over his head was drawn tight a knit cap, such as football players wear. It was a woful story he told me, standing there in the open on that awful night with the sparse frost and sky all about us. He had come that day on the Bretagne—confound the man and his two children in Picardy. This Paris was a fearful thing. But what if it were all a breath from old Egypt, and my great-grandfather had heard a story about a fellow Picard and a roll of money stolen in a steamer and—then I swore. As I said, I had learned some French in school. Then I had bought drinks for a Paris boulevardier, and—well, never mind. The Paris boulevardier had taught me to swear in such fashion as would have made me hall fellow in Montmartre.

And I damned the beggar, and I called him the worst things that his native tongue permitted. The man who knew McGilroy blushed and looked back and forth from the beggar to me.

And the man with the bundle shrunk and shrunk, and made no reply. He crept, always facing us, backward, further from the light and disappeared into the deep shadows under the trees. His form was lost. His pale face was the last thing which I still sawing, saw.

And we went away. Summer makes Gramercy park pretty, and the lights of the Players' park shine out, and men drink there and say cynical things in the tall buildings in Park row. An August night I was passing through Gramercy square homeward. There was just the distant murmur of Fourth avenue, with the occasional footfall of a late fellow walking in the twilight. I could hear the fountain's drippings fall into its still basin. The air was sweet with the fragrance of blossoms, wafted out through the tall iron railings.

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SNAKES WHITENED HIS HAIR.

The Terrible Experience of a Kentuckyman and His Wife.

The people about Gates Station and Greenup, Ky., are now satisfied that fright will whiten a man's hair, for Mr. Timothy Gates, who one day had hair as black as a crow wing was gray as a ladder but one week later, and this is how it was caused:

Mr. and Mrs. Gates live near the station named for them in a cabin raised about two feet above the ground. It is a wild locality and they keep three good dogs. The other night the dogs howled, and then the Gateses heard the sound of many "rattlers." Soon the barking of the dogs

ceased, and they were satisfied that their defenders were laid low in death. Great were their fears. Mrs. Gates, who is a nervous woman, became paralyzed and unable to move out of bed, as there were large holes in the floor that the snakes could crawl through, and in their imagination the snakes were in the room and on the bed.

At daylight Gates ventured to the door. There in the yard were hundreds of snakes lying lazily about, apparently unconcerned. In the course of an hour a neighbor approached with a net, and began to catch the snakes. They were afraid to move out of bed, as there were large holes in the floor that the snakes could crawl through, and in their imagination the snakes were in the room and on the bed.

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A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the segment will represent the term of the unborn child's life.

The old fool has this advantage over the young fool: he will never be a young fool, whereas the young fool may some day be an old fool.

That ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the highest result of medical science and skill, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled.

That they are the original and genuine porous plaster, upon whose reputation imitators trade.

That ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS never fail to perform their remedial work quickly and effectually.

That this fact is attested by thousands of voluntary and unimpeachable testimonials from grateful patients.

That for rheumatism, weak back, sciatica, lung trouble, kidney disease, dyspepsia, malaria, and all local pains, they are invaluable.

That when you buy ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS you absolutely obtain the best plaster made.

He—But don't you think it wrong to have too many strings to your bow? She—Ah, yes! But I have my heart on a string, you see!

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Dr. Parker's Sure Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agent, Geo. Dahlbender & Co., Druggists, 214 Kearny street, San Francisco.



Mrs. William Lohr

Of Freepress, Ill, began to fall rapidly, lost all appetite and took to a serious condition from Dyspepsia. She could not eat vegetables or meat, and even toast distressed her. Had to give up housework. In a week after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla she felt a little better. Could keep more food on her stomach and grew stronger. She took 8 bottles, has a good appetite, gained 22 lbs., does her work easily, is now in perfect health. HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner pills. They assist digestion and cure indigestion.

25 CENTS THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Each bottle contains 25 Cents. Shilo's Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shilo's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and cure you. Price 50 cents. This is the best for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shilo's Remedy is sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT. In the World! A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

Hercules Gas Engine. (GAS OR GASOLINE) Made for Power or Pumping Purposes. The Cheapest Reliable Gas Engine on the Market.

For Simplicity it Beats the World. It sells itself from a Reservoir. No Carburetor to get out of order. No Batteries or Electric Spark. It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other.

PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS, 405 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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, head aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all druggists.

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

"August Flower" For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me. Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N. Y.

- Now is - Your Blood? -

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all venereal diseases. It is a powerful, effective remedy, being an internal medicine. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$2.00. Co., San Jose, Cal.

ASTHMA CURED BY SWEDISH ASTHMA COLLINS' BRONCHITIS MEDICINE, St. Louis, Mo.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. No Pain. No Suffering. No Danger. DR. J. STEPHEN, Lebanon, Ohio.

ASTHMA CURED. THEIR TARTARUS. N. D. AUGUSTINE, FREE. N. P. N. U. No. 473—E. P. N. U. No. 550